HARRY GOLDEN

THE NATION

MARCH 18, 1968 35 cents

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California Maelstrom

The Politics of Desperation

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Last Summer in Cambridge

YOUNG RADICALS AND THE FEAR OF POWER

KENNETH KENISTON

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The Education of Carl Stokes

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THE DOUBLE HELIX

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LETTERS

peace and McCarthy

La Jolla, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In your issue of Feb. 19 [editorial: "Thoughts in a Dry Season"] you suggest that . . . Peace and Freedom Party members register in order to vote for McCarthy in the Democratic primary. There is a general tone of condemnation for those in the anti-war movement who will not support McCarthy. There are a number of reasons why the Peace and Freedom Party does not support McCarthy and why we are not only encouraging Peace and Freedom Party members to stay registered in the Peace and Freedom Party but are trying to obtain new registrants as well.

We are unconvinced that McCarthy is part of the peace movement, much less that he is capable of leading it anywhere but back into the Johnson camp in November. *The Nation* in its initial response to his candidacy pointed out that he had never voted against any of the war measures in the Senate as have Morse, Gruening, Young and some others. His peace plan is barely distinguishable from that of Johnson. He apparently would urge the North Vietnamese to negotiate in return for a bombing halt. The terms might be slightly more generous than those offered presently. McCarthy has yet to say what he would do in the very likely event his overtures fall on the same deaf ear that does not hear the present proposals. . . . The Peace and Freedom Party has always said unequivocally that we are for an immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. . . .

In most of California the registration drive for the Peace and Freedom Party was carried on as a genuine attempt to build a new party. Prospective registrants were told that they could re-register in another party but they were urged to commit themselves to the new party. In these counties we have had little trouble holding our registrations. . . . In some counties the registration drive was carried on in the way that you suggest. People were told to vote against Johnson twice, McCarthy in June and Peace and Freedom in November. In these counties the Peace and Freedom organization is disintegrating and there will be no local candidates in June or November and a feeble McCarthy candidacy in June. . . . If the White House were looking for a way to destroy peace candidates there could be no more clever ploy than a McCarthy candidacy.

Francis R. Halpern, Chairman
San Diego County Peace and Freedom Party

peace and the Peace Corps

Bronx, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: After Gerald D. Berreman's article ("The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed"; *The Nation*, Feb. 26), your readers may be interested in one way out of moral imperialism that is already available.

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George Koski, Pastor
Bernadotte Lutheran Church

Chevy Chase, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Prof. Gerald D. Berreman's article is a shotgun attack on the Peace Corps in which the author seeks to

(Continued on page 378)

EDITORIALS

Which War?

In only one respect is the report of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders stronger and broader than we had anticipated ("The Fact-Finding Charade" by Sherwood Ross, March 4). So far as the findings are concerned, they have been made before, as Dr. Martin Luther King observes, "almost to the last detail and have been ignored almost to the last detail." But as an essay in political leadership, the commission's unanimous summary is a first-rate document. It places prime responsibility for the disorders where it properly belongs—on the white community—and the force and directness of its basic conclusion are inescapable: the nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white, separate but unequal.

By posing the problem in these terms, the commission has raised the dominant political issue of 1968 in such a way that it can hardly be ignored. For while the commission does not directly relate the war in Vietnam to this "other war," it does stress the fact that "there can be no higher priority for national action and no higher claim on the nation's conscience" than to take whatever steps are necessary to end the trend toward separate but hostile societies.

The rough estimate which the commission made of the cost of implementing its recommendations is substantially the equivalent of what we are currently spending to carry on a disastrous, and rapidly escalating, war in Vietnam. It is begging the question to argue, as the Administration does, that in theory we could fight both wars at the same time: the fact is that resources of manpower and materiel are limited and that we must therefore choose which war we intend to wage. In Vietnam we are fighting an undeclared war which may well lead us into World War III; on the other front we have not even begun to fight the war against poverty which the Administration declared with such fanfare.

The President is well aware of the potency of the priorities issue. He appointed the commission because he wanted to divert attention from it, knowing that the commission's recommendations would come too late for the summer of 1968 and fiscal 1969. By appointing the commission he was able to stall for seven months, during which something might have been done to prevent a recurrence of last year's disorders.

That very little has been done is demonstrated in a detailed three-state survey conducted by *The New York Times* (March 5). No wonder the commission's report now has the President's staff "weaving, ducking and dodging." The silence of the President—his failure to emphasize the importance of the report or swing into action behind its recommendations—simply points up the dilemma he now faces. He cannot carry on the war in Vietnam and carry out the recommendations of the report. So he is sulking, and is said to feel that the commission should have patted him on the back for past gestures and achievements and condemned Congress and the public. But Con-

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gress is right in feeling that both wars cannot be fought at the same time. It is one or the other.

The commission's summary not only raises the priorities question in bold and dramatic terms; it appeals for support to the new constituencies that just might, if properly combined, constitute the winning political coalition of the future. And, as a windfall benefit, it identifies John V. Lindsay with the leadership of the forces now beginning to demand a reordering of our national priorities. Dr. King, with the political instinct that so seldom fails him, has seized the initiative by shrewdly relating plans for the "nonviolent poor people's march on Washington," scheduled for April 22, to the commission's report and recommendations. For the first time an effort will be made in this demonstration to link the war against poverty and discrimination with a campaign to end the war in Vietnam. "Flame throwers in Vietnam fan the flames in our cities," he has said. "I don't think the two matters can be separate as some people continue to feel . . . . The commission's report is a physician's warning of approaching death [of American society] with a prescription to life. The duty of every American is to administer the remedy without regard to the cost and without delay."

The Dropouts

Or you could call them defectors—but not the kind that Americans like to hear about. These are the defectors who have changed their minds about the Vietnamese War. Once they supported it, or kept quiet; now they oppose it. Some speak out, some only act, but their names carry so much weight that they drag others in their wake.

The dropouts are of all kinds. Probably the most stunning, as far as the Johnson Administration's feelings are concerned, is the scientist George Kistiakowsky, professor of chemistry at Harvard, one of the creators of the atomic bomb and for years a key adviser to the Department of Defense. He has withdrawn from all government activities directly related to the Vietnamese War. Radical tendencies are the last thing Dr. Kistiakowsky can be accused of. He was born in Kiev in 1900 and joined the White Army fighting the Bolsheviks. He fought in this hopeless cause for two years, then made his way to Western Europe and finally, in 1926, to the United States.

As if to rub it in, Kistiakowsky received the National Medal of Science at the hands of President Johnson just two weeks ago, and in 1964 he was one of the organizers of the committee of scientists and engineers who supported Johnson. This despite the fact that among the jobs he has held was that of special assistant for science and technology to President Eisenhower (1959-61). After his return to Harvard, he continued to advise the President and the Defense Department. Now he is described as "deeply distressed" over the course the war has taken, he just can't bring himself to have anything more to do with it.

Another one-time Presidential expert is Richard N. Goodwin. He was one of President Kennedy's principal advisers and a speech writer for both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Johnson; his close connections with Sen. Robert Kennedy are well known. Lately he has been writing and

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teaching at M.I.T. The other day he enlisted in the campaign of Senator McCarthy and is now helping out in the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries. "I've just felt so guilty sitting at home and reading the papers," says Goodwin. "It's better to be fighting than agonizing at home." What does RFK think of Mr. Goodwin's decision? Goodwin doesn't know. He didn't ask Kennedy. He made his own decision, and it was on the ground that "if you believe something is deeply wrong with the direction of your society, you should try to do something to change it."

Similarly, Louis G. Halle, a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Board and author of *The Cold War as History,* has written a letter to *The New York Times* (March 4) in which he refers to the Administration's policy in Vietnam as "intellectual bankruptcy" and suggests that the time has come for the Congress to block any further legislation leading to an increase of our military commitment, thus forcing those conducting the war to "face the need of some alternative to the impractical military way out." A move in that direction can be seen in the March 7 Senate debate, led by Senators Fulbright, Mansfield and Robert Kennedy, on the commitment of additional forces to the war.

Among elected politicians, eighteen House Democrats on March 4 urged the Administration to make clear that it would accept a Vietnam settlement that would give the Vietcong a role in the selection of a new government for South Vietnam. This, of course, is precisely what Secretary Rusk, in particular, will allow to be done over his dead body. A novelty in the pronouncement of these eighteen Northern liberals is that four of them—Ottinger, Rees, Reuss and Scheuer—indicated at a news conference that they were prepared to vote against appropriations to send more troops to Vietnam.

Also in the political area, Tilford E. Dudley, Democratic chairman for Washington, D.C., has split with his party organization over Mr. Johnson's war policy and will not be on the ticket for the national convention. Earlier this year, Mr. Dudley had tried unsuccessfully to have a question on Vietnamese policy placed on the primary ballot.

Another category of informed dropouts is that of the journalists. One press defector is Peregrine Worsthorne, whose name could have come out of an Anthony Trollope novel but whom *The Christian Science Monitor* describes as "one of the warmest journalistic friends of the United States in the British islands." Writing on the editorial page of the conservative London *Sunday Telegraph,* Mr. Worsthorne declares that he has "defended the war most vehemently" but that justifications now stick in his throat. The revulsion of world opinion is reaching crisis proportions; before the eyes of mankind, Vietnam is being destroyed by American military power and the refusal of the Vietnamese to yield. "I cannot help concluding," says Mr. Worsthorne, "that what is being demonstrated today is not the validity of American protection but its brutal impotence: not the point of resisting Communist subversion but its ghastly futility." Exit Mr. Worsthorne.

Walter Cronkite is the C.B.S. anchor man in TV newscasting. He went to Vietnam two years ago and came back "feeling that really we were doing the right thing and were moving ahead." He went a second time in February and on his return dropped out editorially, first in a special report on the night of March 5 and then in his nightly news show. His disillusionment was reluctant; he still talked of our obligation to preserve freedom in Southeast Asia (isn't it tyranny that we have been supporting?), but we had been deceived too often by the optimism of our leaders, and the war just couldn't be won that way. "The only rational way out," Cronkite concludes, "will be to negotiate, not as victors but as honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy and did the best they could."

Such is a partial roster of the dropouts as of this writing. An odd point may now strike the observant reader: here are all these men of influence mutating from hawks to doves, but has anyone heard of a single dove turning into a hawk? In fact, it isn't really odd: the United States took the wrong course, got itself into a fearful mess, and now all its friends, at home and abroad, want to see it get out—and the sooner the better.

Kidding the Public

Some years ago, somebody wrote a book called *How To Lie With Statistics.* The art still flourishes, but it is high time that a knowledgeable observer did a parallel exposé on the hoodwinking of the public by pollsters. Not that reputable polling organizations like Gallup and Harris set out to deceive anyone, nor that they are not as scientific in their approach as they can manage. But the results of these surveys are taken far more seriously than they deserve. So many irrelevant factors enter into the tests of public opinion that a fluctuation from one week to the next, or even one month to the next, may not mean very much. Often polling is no more than a pseudo-scientific procedure which has about as much validity as observing the flight of birds—a form of divination which survives in the word "auspice."

Perhaps not quite so emphatically, Dr. Leo Bogart has criticized the polling business in the Fall, 1967, issue of *The Public Opinion Quarterly,* published by Princeton University Press. The title of Dr. Bogart's piece is "No Opinion, Don't Know, and Maybe No Answer." He asks in his preamble: "How meaningful are survey data that emerge from uninformed, apathetic, and indecisive individuals who have conflicting opinions on the same issue. tailor their views to the roles they are playing, and lack any sense of responsibility for, or feeling of personal engagement in, the subject matter of the survey?" The answer is, of course, that such data are meaningful only in the sense that fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

In a democracy fools have as much right to vote as wise men, but the fool's vote should not count for more than the wise man's vote—and yet the polls may be tending in that direction. One variety of political idiot, for instance, wants above all to be on the winning side. When he reads that 71 per cent of the voters (not 70, mind you, nor 72) are inclined to vote for Joe Doakes, he stops using what brains he has and, instead of at least making an effort to compare Joe with his opponent, he jumps on the bandwagon. Thus, by encouraging people to line up on the

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winning side of questions they have not thought about and have no interest in, we are in some degree acquiescing in the proposition, as Dr. Bogart puts it, "that a democracy should be ruled by the public will, as described by the polls." Democracy has enough troubles without putting its decisions on that basis.

The allocation of precise percentages makes the polls sound more authoritative than they are. Actually public opinion is a volatile conglomerate of feeling, thought, prejudice, projected hostilities, inculcated loyalties, skepticism and what-not. A change in the popularity of the President from one poll to the next may be due not to anything he has done or failed to do but to a widely circulated picture of the careworn grandfather cuddling his daughter's baby in his arms. No one begrudges the President the joys of grandfatherhood, but if it leads to public confidence that he must be doing the right thing in Vietnam, it hardly enhances the health of democracy.

The trouble is that the media, looking for hard news and hard figures in the midst of uncertainty, make too much of the polls. It is a very good thing for the country that the hazards of polling have been brought to public attention by someone in a position to know and who cannot be suspected of having a grudge against the opinion-research industry. There is no danger of that in Dr. Bogart's case. His article is a reprint of his presidential address to the American Association for Public Opinion Research in May, 1967, and he is executive vice president and general manager of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

TV News

The portion of the adult public that places its prime news reliance on television news, which in practical effect means three network news programs, is steadily increasing; the younger the viewing audience, the greater the reliance on network news and the greater the degree of confidence in it. But does television news coverage improve as the public's reliance upon it increases? Or, to put it another way, do network expenditures for news coverage advance proportionately with the public dependence upon it? (See the article by Desmond Smith this issue p. 375). Recently *CBS News* President Richard Salant announced that C.B.S. would cover Secretary Rusk's forthcoming appearance at public hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee only in the event that N.B.C. failed to do so.

The decision to cover an event of this kind should not be made upon the basis of what a rival network does or does not do but upon the national importance of the event itself. To make the decision turn on what a competitor does is equivalent to saying that economies of news coverage take precedence over the public interest. An incident of this kind should serve as a timely warning of the position the public may well find itself in at some point in the future, given (a) the mortality of newspapers; and (b) the tendency of the networks to minimize expenditures for news coverage. What the networks would like to do, of course, is to induce the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to finance noncommercial video as a "network of record," thereby relieving them of the obligation to carry public service programs. With the increasing public reliance on network television, the FCC should insist on a steady improvement in the scope and quality of TV news coverage. In most instances, this means spending more money on news gathering; but there are other ways to improve television news coverage as Michael Harris' article in this issue (p. 377) indicates.

No Busing for Watts

Los Angeles, which offers less suburban housing to Negroes than Atlanta or New Orleans, has implicitly restated its determination to keep Negro children in their central ghetto. For years, a fog of rhetoric emanating from the Los Angeles Board of Education has frustrated efforts to integrate more than ninety Negro schools. Now the Board's faithful servant, Superintendent of Schools Jack Crowther, has provided Negroes with additional evidence that nothing is going to happen, even though Los Angeles has the fastest growing Negro population of any city in the United States.

After persistent goading from the Southern California American Civil Liberties Union, the Los Angeles Board of Education finally announced last December that it would work toward "an integrated system at all levels and divisions" and instruct its staff to develop "every feasible technique and program to accomplish this goal." Since then, individual members of the board who pushed the hardest for this declaration have gutted it by stating publicly that they did not favor extensive compulsory busing.

A banner-waving, anti-busing audience jammed the Board's small auditorium for Crowther's February 26 re-

ANNOUNCEMENT

Last month the *Carolina Israelite* suspended publication. Published in Charlotte, N.C., the *Israelite* has been for twenty-six years the personal voice of Harry Golden who, in its always lively pages, has talked great good sense to a loyal and influential readership on the topics that have engaged his interest and attention. Now, because of personal considerations, Mr. Golden is unable to continue publication of the *Israelite,* and *The Nation* has agreed to fulfill its unexpired subscriptions. *Israelite* subscribers will receive, starting with this issue, four issues of *The Nation* (up to a full year) for each issue of the *Israelite* to which they were entitled.

We are pleased that Harry Golden asked us to fulfill the obligations of the *Israelite;* we welcome these new readers and trust that they will enjoy *The Nation. Nation* readers, of course, are familiar with Harry Golden's writings. Under his editorship, the *Israelite* has been a consistent and courageous voice for liberalism in the South, a staunch friend of the Negro, an advocate of civil rights, and a defender of civil liberties. From time to time, beginning with this issue, *The Nation* will carry a Harry Golden column or page. Mr. Golden, an old friend of the magazine and an occasional contributor, is the author of many successful books, including *Only in America.*

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port, which was to implement the December statement. Crowther recommended against "any projects involving mandatory, large-scale busing primarily for the purposes of integration . . . . Parents must have the prerogative of determining whether their children will participate in any program which has integration as a primary thrust and which takes the child away from the home school." This insistence on voluntary busing climinates the hope for cost-free integration plans, such as pairing black and white schools, that have proved successful in other cities but would require compulsory busing.

Six years ago, the Board of Education formed an *ad hoc* committee to listen to such proposals. Audiences at the committee meetings were usually almost all black. There was even a period in 1962 when Negroes threatened to boycott a number of all-black schools in an effort to force integration action from the Board of Education. They were dissuaded by a promise of imminent relief.

Two years ago, John and Laree Caughey reviewed the sad struggle that followed in their book, *School Segregation on Our Doorstep*:

> In June the Watts high schools graduated the class of 1966. Having enrolled in the first grade twelve years earlier, these young people might have been the first to be the full beneficiaries of the Supreme Court's landmark decision on school desegregation. But in the Los Angeles ghetto, these students had attended a Negro elementary school, a Negro junior high school and a Negro high school. They had the misfortune to be in a city where the spirit of *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was not honored.

In the spring of 1968, Watts couldn't care less what Mr. Crowther proposes, because Watts no longer hopes. The audience that heard his report was almost all white. One batch of anti-integrationists managed, ironically, to charter a Board of Education school bus to bring them to the meeting.

Class of 1977

When 19-year-old Douglas Rowden of Jacksonville, Ore., received a pre-induction examination notice from his draft board in nearby Medford, his parents strongly objected. "I feel we have done enough for the Vietnam cause," said Harvey Rowden, a sawmill worker. James and John Rowden, both 21, had been killed in combat while serving with the Marines. If Douglas was inducted, the Rowdens would be left with one child, Malcolm, a grade-school son. Mrs. Rowden applied for a deferment for Douglas and went about collecting signatures to support her stand. In a few days, as the word spread, she collected almost 1,000 names, which she presented to the Jackson County Selective Service Board.

The draft board had its problems; it had to meet its quota, an ever-increasing chore. But it could not ignore the anger and pleading of the people among whom it lives. After a closed-door session, the five members voted unanimously to grant Douglas Rowden a compassionate hardship deferment for one year.

The press hailed the draft board's action as a victory for compassion, but Mr. Rowden, the mill worker, came closer to the meaning of the word. "Our hearts go out to all of the others who have to go," he said.

But the board's deferment is still good for only one year, and if the quotas rise as more men are needed in the quicksands of Vietnam, will Douglas obtain another stay? The Rowdens may be pondering this. And, perhaps, reading what the generals now say about the war lasting years, they may be thinking of their youngest son, Malcolm. He is only 10 now, but Douglas was only 10 when every inside military dopester in Washington was sure Saigon would clean up the rebellious mess in just a few months.

CALIFORNIA MAELSTROM

THE POLITICS OF DESPERATION

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

On April 9 at a municipal election, the voters of Beverly Hills, a 5.6-square-mile island of opulence in the surrounding 464 square miles of the city of Los Angeles, will offer their advice to the President of the United States on the war in Vietnam. Placed on the ballot by petition will be the following referendum measure: "Resolved that the city of Beverly Hills inform the President and the Congress of the United States that the city favors an immediate cease-fire and steps toward rapid de-escalation of the war in Vietnam through negotiations with all participants to the conflict, specifically including the National Liberation Front."

If Beverly Hills votes to withdraw from the war (referendum sponsors say its chance of passing is excellent), the result will not have any effect on the President's policy. (What has had?) Supporters of the referendum understand this, yet their effort, like similar attempts in Dearborn, Mich., and San Francisco, is not quixotic. It represents the politics of direct action, one might say the politics of desperation, in a time when the national government is massively unresponsive to rising protests.

Desperation, frustration, a sense of helplessness, pervade Democratic politics in California. The regular Democratic organization, shattered and demoralized by Gov. Ronald Reagan's million-vote victory in 1966, is apathetic and views the party's prospects next fall with sullen apprehension. Three hundred members of the Democratic State Central Committee and county central committees recently telegraphed the following forlorn plea to President Johnson: "In our judgment, the only action

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which can avert major Democratic Party losses in this state in 1968 is an immediate all-out effort to secure a nonmilitary settlement of the Vietnam War."

Organization Democrats rest their hope for a Presidential victory on the nomination by the Republicans of Richard Nixon. They feel that Johnson, despite the war, would prove in November to be slightly less unpopular than Nixon with the American people. The eyes of liberal Democrats, regardless of their current zeal for Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, are also turned to Miami rather than Chicago. Less concerned than organization Democrats for the temporary fate of the party and far more deeply troubled by the war, they believe the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller would give more promise of a settlement in Vietnam than any other present prospect. Gov. George Romney's withdrawal and the looming candidacy of Rockefeller, which sent a chill through the Democratic regulars in California, was good news to liberals and moderates of both parties, who see a choice between Johnson and Nixon as the dreariest political debacle of the century.

Into the midst of this chaos, Senator McCarthy will fly on April 4 to give a three-day push to his California campaign. His success in stimulating broader support than he has gained thus far will depend on his showing on March 12 in New Hampshire. If he wins 30 to 40 per cent of the primary vote there, his California drive will pick up tremendously.

The enthusiasm of the 35,000-member California Democratic Council (CDC) for McCarthy exceeds the enthusiasm that the urbane, 52-year-old Minnesota Senator has so far displayed publicly for himself. Despite the slim hope that McCarthy, even if he makes an impressive showing in the primaries, can wrestle the nomination from Johnson, the CDC is grimly organizing for the June 4 California primary with a national Democratic convention peace slate of delegates pledged to the Senator. Regular Democrats will enter a stand-in Johnson delegation headed by Att. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch.

McCarthy's modesty, his low-key style, his refusal to oversimplify the great problems of war and race are widely admired among his followers, who in the same breath express the fear that these qualities will not rally voters.

Item: In January, he talked to a $100-a-plate dinner crowd in San Francisco. After granting that he had not been among the earlier and more vigorous critics of the war, he said: "The issue has more strength and more adherents than I have." Self-depreciation is an appealing trait in an age of inflated egos, but on this occasion the Senator's audience was moved only to polite applause.

Item: In Fresno, where he spoke to a state-wide collection of Democrats eager for a call to action against Johnson and the war, McCarthy quietly urged: "Stand with me in this attempt to rewrite foreign policy in this year of 1968."

Item: Before an audience of 1,000 Beverly Hills women, pro-McCarthy, anti-war, anti-Johnson and ready to cheer, the Senator offered a studied analysis of Administration policy in Vietnam and said it really ought to be changed. Many of the women felt they should have brought along their knitting.

Nonetheless, the party professionals, who were inclined earlier to write off the CDC drive as a minor nuisance, are now taking it seriously. Gerald N. Hill, CDC president and co-chairman for McCarthy in the state, claims the McCarthy-pledged delegation has a fifty-fifty chance to beat the Johnson stand-ins. More realistically, if the Johnson slate, as Hill says, "has nowhere to go but down," the CDC slate has nowhere to go but up. A mid-January poll published in the *Los Angeles Times* showed the regular delegation winning by 63 to 18 over the McCarthy slate, with 19 per cent undecided.

If the flow of disastrous news from Vietnam continues, McCarthy will gain strength. Aside from that, the party regulars may not be able to quiet the drab, but fierce, quarrels that have erupted over the make-up of their delegation. As usual, Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles is the divisive factor. With the guts of a burglar, Yorty has proposed two nominees for the Johnson delegation who supported Reagan against former Gov. Edmund G. Brown. That is a bit too much for Brown, and he has threatened to quit the delegation unless they are kicked off. Other prominent Democrats will desert the slate if he leaves. Brown said, and he predicted that in that case the pro-Johnson delegation would lose to the McCarthy slate in the primaries. Assemblyman Leo J. Ryan and Robert Crown of northern California have already withdrawn from the regular Democratic delegation. Party leaders, Ryan said with considerable evidence on his side, "are still picking the same old group that engineered the defeat of candidates in the last election." Crown, a political ally of Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, said he was pulling out because he had decided he could be more effective off the slate than on.

Whichever way the fight is resolved, the delegation may be in danger of bleeding to death from internal wounds. In one of her rare understatements, Mrs. Carmen Warschaw, still seething over her failure to become party chairman two years ago, said she thought the Johnson delegation leaders are not "dedicated particularly to seeing President Johnson re-elected." Mrs. Warschaw, dubbed the "Dragon Lady" of California politics, is correct. This lack of enthusiasm ranges from tepid public defenses of Johnson to morose private admissions that he is a disaster. Yet the weight of the regular organization cannot be discounted. Seventeen of California's twenty-one Democratic Congressmen will be on the Lynch slate. Two have defected to the McCarthy delegation and two others will sit the whole thing out.

Speaker Jesse Unruh, the most powerful individual

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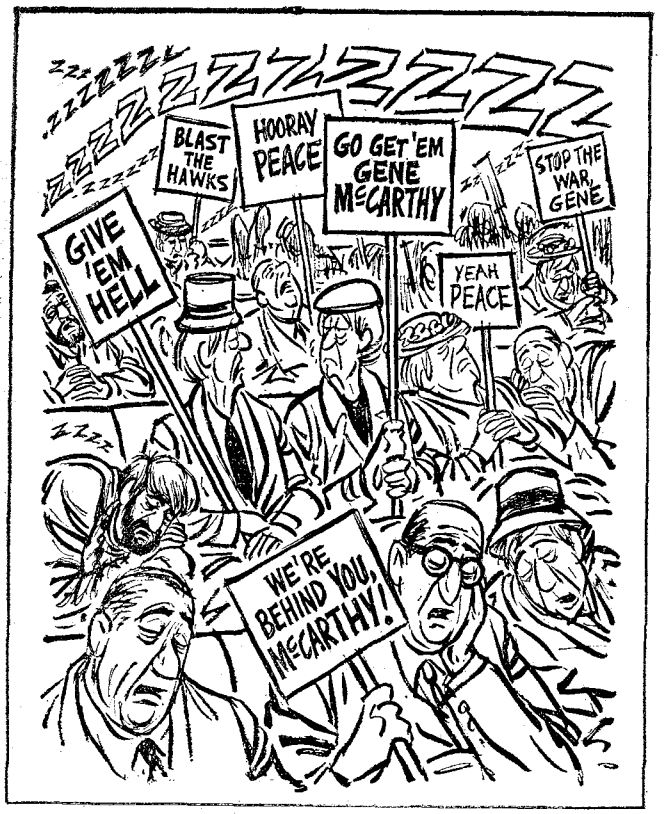

Interlandi, Los Angeles Times

"He's Not a Very Dynamic Speaker, Is He?"

Democrat in California, has again revealed his political astuteness by staying away from the regular delegation. But he has earned few points with McCarthy supporters because of persistent rumors, all credited to Unruh, that Sen. Robert F. Kennedy will try for the nomination at Chicago. The Kennedy *mystique* is still so powerful that such gossip, despite the Senator's disavowals, has been sufficient to make many potential McCarthy supporters hold back. Unruh, who wants to be governor of California, has been saying recently, without appearing to be excited by the prospect, that he just might run for the U.S. Senate. Yorty also had been playing around with the idea of running for the Senate, but of late has seemed more interested in Unruh's potential candidacy than in his own. The Mayor's untypical behavior may derive more from the conflict-of-interest scandals which broke out not long ago in his city administration than from any decline of personal ambition.

State Sen. Anthony Beilenson may get the CDC endorsement for the U.S. Senate in the Democratic primary. Hugh Manes, Los Angeles attorney, announced March 3 that he will run for the U.S. Senate as a candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, California's new free-floating group, if he can obtain the endorsement of the P. and F. convention on March 16 at Richmond, Calif. Manes went to Hanoi in March of 1967 as an investigator for the International War Crimes Tribunal, sponsored by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, and he took part in the Tribunal's Stockholm session the following May. He has recently been advised by the State Department that his passport has been revoked because of the Hanoi trip. Paul Jacobs, a writer and self-described "radical," who has worked up a limited reputation in Left circles as a vehement anti-Communist, is among other prospective P. and F. candidates for the U.S. Senate.

Since going to Washington in 1952, Republican Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel has been immune to Democratic challengers. Kuchel, a moderate's moderate with an appeal extending across party lines, refused to support Barry Goldwater, Sen. George Murphy and Reagan; and after Reagan's triumph, the Senator was in deep trouble with California Republicans. He was on a select list that Reagan ominously described as party "traitors." But now the two men have signed a neutrality pact. Reagan, captivated by the insistence of his aides that he had a chance for the Republican Presidential nomination, wanted, above all else, party harmony in 1968; and Kuchel's urgent need was to survive the Republican primary by pacifying the party's conservatives. He had more to fear from them than from any Democratic opponent.

Kuchel's noisiest critic in California is Dr. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, an ultra-conservative, a furious orator, and a man of deep philosophical convictions based on McGuffey's Third Reader brought up to date by *Reader's Digest*. Rafferty chose Washington's Birthday to announce that he would "go to the mat" in the primary with Kuchel. The issues in 1968, Rafferty said, are: "Restoration or rottenness, life or death, survival or eventual destruction of the great Republic herself." For his part, Rafferty sided with restoration, life and survival, leaving the public to guess where Kuchel stands. Democratic interest in the Senate race immediately picked up, with the certainty of a divisive Kuchel-Rafferty brawl.

Rafferty is a "bomb-'em-back-to-the-stone-age" patriot and Kuchel has generally supported Johnson on Vietnam. The differences between them over the war are considerably less sharp than the division on the issue in the Democratic Party. Governor Brown's son, Edmund G. Brown, Jr., is a member of the McCarthy slate, and Brown's law partner and old friend, Joseph Ball, is among McCarthy's strongest advocates. While Charles Warren, the easygoing Democratic state party chairman, struggles to help form the Johnson stand-in slate, his law partner, Hirsch Adell, has joined the other delegation.

McCarthy backers, happily spared the dissension that has plagued the regulars, have put together a broad delegation representing minority groups, labor, business, education and other professions. The list of 344 delegates and alternates (the state has a huge 172-vote delegation) is studded with influential names. Among them are Dr. Herbert York, former chancellor of the University of California at San Diego; Martin Stone, Los Angeles businessman and co-chairman of the McCarthy drive in California; Harry Ashmore, the Pulitzer Prize-winning editor and an official of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara; Reps. George Brown, Jr., and Don Edwards, former national president of Americans for Democratic Action, whose board has endorsed McCarthy; state Sen. Anthony Beilenson, perhaps the most promising young Democratic leader in the state; George Slaff, vice mayor of Beverly Hills; Robert Vaughn, the actor

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and chairman of Dissenting Democrats; Ed Mosk, a Los Angeles attorney and brother of State Supreme Court Justice Stanley Mosk, and Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, chairman of the Department of Religion at Stanford University. Simon Casady, who was deposed as CDC president in 1966 because of his prematurely correct attacks on the war, is on the delegation. He has close ties with the New Left and minority groups. The Negro and Mexican-American communities of the state are strongly represented.

CDC leaders will use the organization's state-wide convention in Anaheim over the weekend of March 16 to rally more support and public attention for McCarthy who, on the final day of the convention, will be marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York with Robert Kennedy. After hearing Martin Luther King, Jr., the convention will devote itself principally to working out a platform that its slate, if elected, will support in Chicago. The platform will make a strong appeal to Negroes, other minorities and labor in an attempt to create a broad anti-war, pro-McCarthy coalition.

McCarthy's problem is to keep pace emotionally with his liberal supporters and to extend his appeal to the Center and to labor and minority groups, the mass base of the party. His campaign to date has caught the attention of neither labor nor the minorities.

These groups pose special problems. Labor will be hard to reach. Workers know that the war underpins California's booming economy. The billions poured into aerospace and related industries mean thousands upon thousands of steady, well-paying jobs. Prosperity, even wartime prosperity, works to the advantage of an incumbent President. This is not to say that if the issue were reduced to war and prosperity or peace and the possibility of unemployment, labor would vote for war, but the situation is never seen that simply—the war is far away and jobs are real.

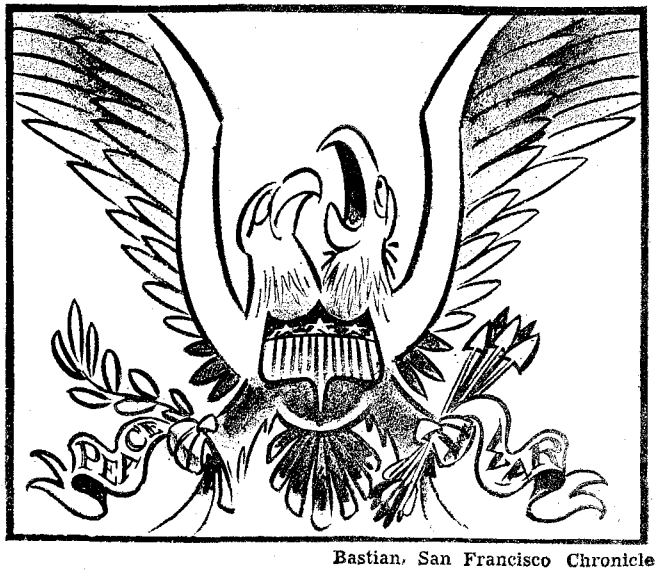
Black militants, obsessed with "their own war," see little evidence that McCarthy is disposed to make a serious commitment to the ghettos. One Negro legislator, who is personally, but privately, for McCarthy, said that anti-war sentiment is not strong among large sections of the Negro community. Many Negroes, excluding the politically militant, tend to believe, he said, that by supporting Johnson they are supporting the Negro soldiers who are fighting in Vietnam in such disproportionate numbers. The Mexican-American population, again excluding the politically aware, is more concerned with jobs, housing and discrimination than with Vietnam.

Labor and the minorities are not lost to McCarthy, but he will have to sharpen his attack on Johnson and propose a domestic program with direct appeal to these groups. G. L. (Bud) Simonson, director of the Packinghouse Workers for the eleven Western states, put it this way: "McCarthy is not blunt enough against the war. He has to make it clear that workers not only fight the war but pay for it." Marvin Brody, an international labor representative for the United Automobile Workers, repeats the theme: "McCarthy is not moving strongly enough, yet it is copping out not to support him." State Sen. Mervyn Dymally said McCarthy has not sparked any excitement among Negroes, but regardless of that Dymally admires the Senator for "having the guts to take on Johnson."

California's anti-organization Peace and Freedom Party will be an important factor in the June primary. Most of the 105,000 Californians who have registered with Peace and Freedom would have been voters for McCarthy and against Johnson in June. In appealing to Democrats to register with P. and F. and qualify the party for the ballot, the new party's leaders pointed out that Democrats later could re-register to vote in the Democratic primary. The appeal was effective, and now the McCarthy forces are attempting to shepherd the delinquents back into the fold. They are hoping to persuade at least 50 per cent of them to return, but are having more luck with P. and F. members over 30 than with those younger.

If CDC leaders and McCarthy backers dismiss the Peace and Freedom Party as a children's crusade, the children (some of them are twice 30) see McCarthy at best as a whimsical figure and at worst as a stalking-horse for Johnson. Francis R. Halpern, chairman of the P. and F. Party in San Diego County, said: "Politically, we are unconvinced that McCarthy is part of the peace movement, much less that he is capable of leading it anywhere but back into the Johnson camp in November." [See letter from Mr. Halpern, page 362, this issue.] Another party leader said: "We are advising our people not to re-register to vote for McCarthy. We have no illusion that our candidates will win. In fact the result may be the defeat of some good candidates who are Democrats. This is a chance you have to take in building a new party. We are using electoral politics to educate, to organize, to build for the future." This attitude suggests more confidence than the New Left customarily exhibits in the hated Establishment. They at least believe there is a future beyond Johnson or Nixon—or Reagan.

The November "ifs" are many. If the choice lies between Nixon and Johnson or Reagan and Johnson, the Peace and Freedom candidate (whoever he may be) may collect as many as half a million votes in California. An experienced Democratic politician believes that can be



Bastian, San Francisco Chronicle

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expected. If Rockefeller runs against Johnson, P. and F. leaders grant that the New Yorker will get "a lot" of the party's vote. But this gain could be wiped out by George C. Wallace and his American Independent Party, which might steal half a million conservative California votes from the GOP.

Since the AIP qualified for the California ballot in December, nothing much has been heard from the far Right in the state, but Wallace has only to return to California and mount the barricades for "law and order" to stir his followers into action. Leaders of the two major parties, while they reject him as a demagogue, don't underrate his appeal to the low-income white voter, who feels threatened by the Negro revolt, is squeezed by high taxes and inflation, and is confused and disturbed by the "no-win" war in Vietnam. And Wallace may siphon off more votes than many predict from the suburban class, which suppresses its racial prejudice more effectively in the living room than at the ballot box.

If the prospects of the third and fourth splinter parties in California seem absurd, it may be well to remember that California politics is peculiar. One thing is certain, the state's 8.5 million voters (which include 4,720,000 Democrats and 3,350,000 Republicans, in addition to the few hundred thousand of more radical disposition) will have a loud voice at Miami and Chicago, and in November.

LAST SUMMER IN CAMBRIDGE

Young Radicals & the Fear of Power

KENNETH KENISTON

Last May, a member of the National Steering Committee of the forthcoming Vietnam Summer approached Kenneth Keniston, psychologist on the staff of the Yale Medical School and the author of The Uncommitted *(Harcourt, Brace & World) to urge that he study the development and effectiveness of the project. "We hope," said his caller, "that we can learn more about ourselves."*

Dr. Keniston, after some initial hesitancy, decided to juggle his summer plans and to accept the invitation. He directed his study primarily to the process of "politicalization" whereby these young radicals had reached their present position of commitment; his method was to conduct extensive interviews with members of the national headquarters staff in Cambridge and to supplement this detailed personal material by observation of the Vietnam Summer in operation.

From this material Dr. Keniston has derived a book, Young Radicals, *to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World in May. The following article is based on material that will be presented in that book.*

In the middle of Vietnam Summer, there occurred a "revolt of the secretaries" which can stand as introduction to the vexed and unresolved problems of authority, leadership, power and control which continue to plague the participants in organizations of young radicals.

As Vietnam Summer was originally organized, the national office was divided into two groups: "political" staff concerned with questions of national organizing, coordination, publicity, the funding of local projects, and so on; and "office" staff, who addressed envelopes, typed, ran the mimeograph, and answered the telephone. This second group was largely reeruited from among college girls and recent college graduates in the Boston area. It was a group of attractive and unusually intelligent young women. As the summer progressed, and as members of the political staff and the office staff came to know one another, a blurring and overlapping of functions began to occur. Most of the members of the political staff seemed embarrassed that, often for the first time in their Movement experience, they had others to do their routine work for them. Furthermore, it became obvious to all that the office staff was not only talented but that they had volunteered to work for subsistence wages because of their strong commitment to the goals of Vietnam Summer.

In the middle of the summer, then, the secretaries were "organized" by the political staff. "It was a classic organizing situation," said one of the political staff who engineered the revolution. "They were underemployed, dissatisfied with the work they were doing, and had a lot of good ideas about what they should do instead. It was simply a matter of organizing them, encouraging them to speak out." The organized confrontation occurred, the political staff (who constituted both the exploiters and the organizers of the exploited) capitulated immediately, and the distinction between political and office work was abolished. The ex-secretaries were more or less integrated into the political staff and given "political" responsibilities, especially for the organization of publicity and public functions. Girls who had been typing letters one week found themselves negotiating with Sol Hurok the next. To be sure, the completeness of the "revolt of the secretaries" should not be exaggerated. In the end, the superior training and skills of the political staff meant that they continued to make most of the "major decisions"; but the participation of the ex-office workers increased as their experience and competence grew.

This paradoxical revolt, organized by the "bosses" against whom it was directed, illustrates some of the strengths and problems of work in the New Left Movement. The incident points to the extreme discomfort felt by most young radicals when they are in a position of power and control over another person, especially if that person is then expected to do routine, boring or unenjoyable work. At another level, it points to the great value the New Left places on participation, and to its continual effort to devise new institutional forms that will give concrete meaning to the vague phrase, "participatory democracy." The goal behind this slogan is to create an informed group, rather than a single informed person with

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power over others; to elaborate new techniques for collective decision making; to eliminate traditional bureaucratic organizational structures and hierarchies of power; to develop new social groups that enhance the self-esteem of those who form them and permit the "creative" participation of those involved in decisions that affect them.

All of these issues were raised with singular intensity because of the condensed history of Vietnam Summer. Less than two months elapsed between the conception and the start of the project. Unlike most Movement organizations, Vietnam Summer was at the beginning a "top-down" project with no basis in local communities, with no "constituency." Indeed, one of the prime objectives of the project was to create such constituencies in local communities, with the explicit hope and plan that as the summer progressed they would increasingly take over the organization from the bottom up.

As a result, Vietnam Summer leaders and organizers at all levels found themselves in a conflict-filled situation: by joining together to create an initially "top-down" organization, they violated the Movement's objectives of participatory democracy and grass-roots organizing. But simultaneously, the national office and its field workers had to deal continually with local anxieties that the Movement was excessively dominated from what was sometimes called the "walled city of Cambridge," while other local workers questioned the source of Vietnam Summer funds (did they perhaps come from Bobby Kennedy's political machine?). Members of local projects, especially those in large cities, sometimes expressed concern that the entire summer "achievement" would simply be "turned over" to some existing political machine for use in the conventional party politics shunned by the New Left.

The leaders of the project, then, whether located in Cambridge or moving across the country, had to try to reassure others about aspects of Vietnam Summer which in fact worried them as well. The extent of their discomfort was reflected in the heated arguments, especially in the early summer, between national office staff members and "older members" of the National Steering Committee, a group that included a number of "old New Leftists" plus representatives of a traditional peace organization. In all such arguments, the national office staff made it extremely clear that they were not interested in joining into conventional political alignments, that their emphasis was on community organizing, and that they considered civil disobedience (for example, organized draft resistance) a valid tactic. The national office staff was in the position of defending its own "radical" position from the somewhat more "liberal" position of some of the National Steering Committee, while at the same time allaying the worries of those in the field that it was not radical enough. Further, and even more important, their leading role in a national organization not only provided these young radicals with opportunities but also created considerable personal anxiety because it conflicted with their own values of participatory democracy.

The acceptance of leadership roles, particularly when they entailed the possibility of exercising authority and power, also seemed difficult for many of those I interviewed. In their manner and style, these young radicals are extremely "personalistic," focused on face-to-face, direct and open relationships with other people; hostile to formally structured roles and traditional bureaucratic patterns of power and authority. Although most possessed a great capacity for personal organization, psychological structuring and individual orderliness, they were almost uniformly opposed to bureaucratic organization, tight institutional structure or organizational orderliness. For example, when one of those interviewed was "officially" given increased responsibilities in the national office, and a title to go with them, he was the object of merciless teasing from his friends. This teasing expressed not only the affection others felt for him but their (and his) embarrassment that he should have a position with "bureaucratic" implications. Throughout the summer, a deliberate and consistent effort was made to play down formal leadership and organizational structures within Vietnam Summer. Although "leaders" often had clearly defined regional or task responsibilities, project decisions were generally made on a group basis of those involved, with very little "pulling of rank." At times this suppression of leadership and the power that accompanies it was extreme: individuals not adequately informed of the issues or facts were included in policy-making discussions; while those "natural" leaders who had the most experience and the best grasp of the issues sometimes seemed deliberately to refrain from voicing their opinion lest they appear to "dominate" others. Indeed, I sometimes felt that too little distinction was made between the rational use of authority based on competence and the irrational and authoritarian exploitation of leadership roles. Similarly, power based on capacity and role sometimes seemed confused with domination and sadistic control.

A closely related issue is that of manipulation as contrasted with "sincerity." In keeping with their open and personalistic style, most young radicals seek in relationships with others a direct, unmanipulative and honest encounter. For example, what little organizational infighting occurred during Vietnam Summer seemed extremely overt, with disagreements directly stated. And in their interviews with me, these young radicals expressed considerable affection for their co-workers, and often, after stating a controversial view, would add, "But you should talk with X—he will give you a very different picture." Yet this eagerness to maintain open, direct and unmanipulative personal relationships, to avoid controlling others, seemed at times to obstruct other organizational needs. Thus, if everyone is to be honest, open and direct with everyone else and to allow all others a full say, decision making is often slow, especially in times of crisis. Furthermore, decisions which might best be made by a small group of the most experienced and best informed tend to be turned over to larger groups and to become rather blurred. The extent to which it is possible to retain an open, personalistic, unmanipulative and extremely trusting style, and yet mount an effective program on a national scale, is one of the key unresolved questions of the New Left.

The fear of manipulation, for example, seemed to im-

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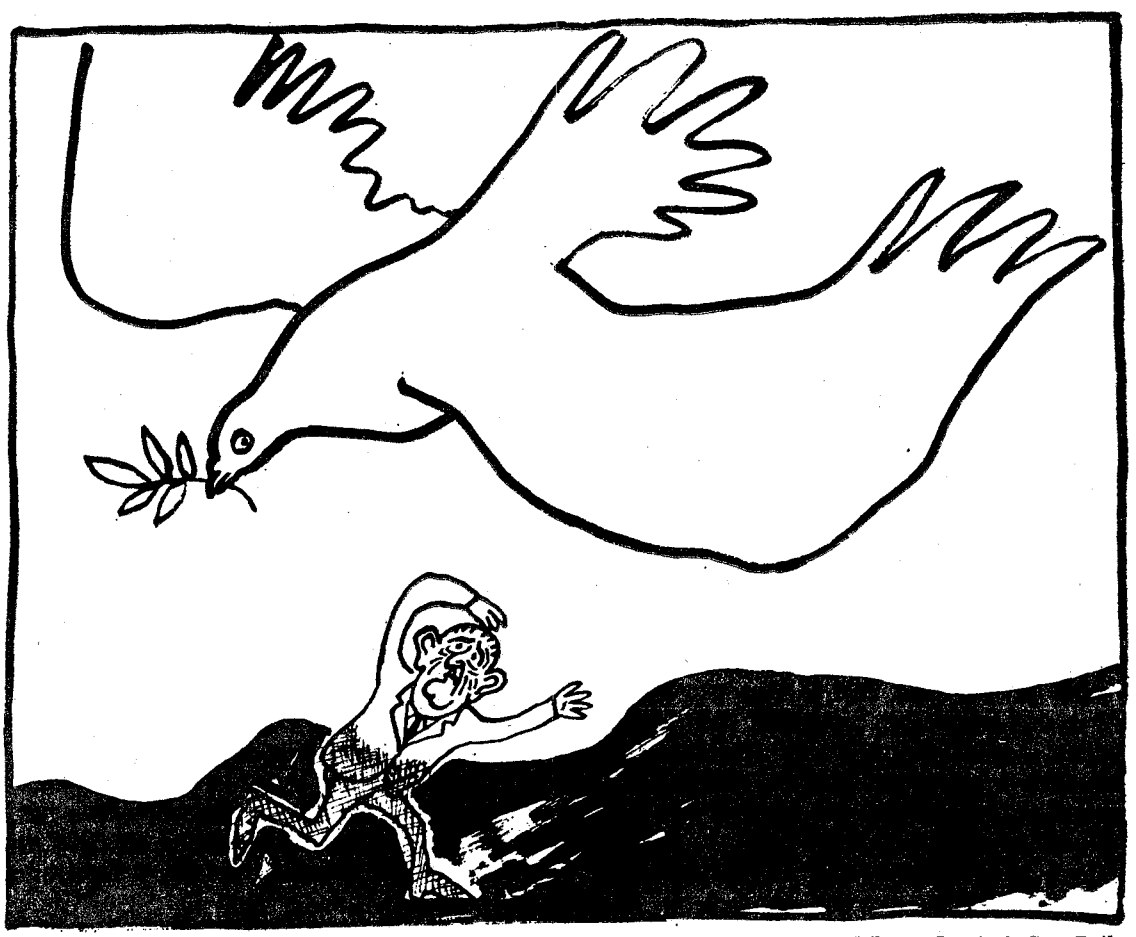
pede organizational effectiveness on a broad scale. Like those involved in more conventional politics, Movement workers sometimes face the problem of how to make people want what they do not at present want. In recent years, conventional American politics has raised to high art public relations techniques like "managing the image" of political candidates, suppressing, selectively presenting, or neglecting crucial facts, deliberately appealing to the irrational anxieties of the electorate, and creating "pseudo-candidates" by publicity. All these tactics are closed to the New Left by their own principles. Indeed, so strong is the fear of manipulation that at times Movement workers found it difficult to appeal to the "rational" anxieties of their constituencies, even by suggesting appropriate efforts to remove the cause of these anxieties. For example, behind the many discussions during the summer over the usefulness of publicity there often seemed to run a conviction that "flashiness" and "publicity seeking" were somehow in themselves illegitimate forms of manipulation, regardless of whether the cause for which publicity was sought was legitimate or the facts to be presented were true. Thus, while intensive, long-range and largely unpublicized community organizing has many other arguments to recommend it, the appeal of this method is increased in the New Left by the fact that community organizing under the banner of "let the people decide" seems perhaps the least "manipulative" political tactic available.

The attitude of Vietnam Summer workers toward the National Conference for a New Politics, which was to be held in Chicago at the end of the summer, illustrates another dilemma of the contemporary New Left. What was to happen at the Chicago meeting, intended as a meeting of all "radical" political and social groups in the country to formulate plans for national action, was of considerable importance, both personal and organizational, to many of those I interviewed. A few had been involved in developing and planning NCNP, and others, when discussing their futures, imagined that they might later become associated with this effort to form a radical coalition in America. Furthermore, as fall approached, discussions of "what would become of" Vietnam Summer were frequently connected with what might emerge from the Chicago conference.

But despite the importance of the NCNP to those interviewed, the national office staff of Vietnam Summer made no prior effort, formal or informal, to "organize" so as to influence, much less control, the proceedings at Chicago. There were many rumors that the conference might be dominated by highly disciplined groups representing older leftist factions, or else by a coalition of black power and insurrectionist militants. The loosely defined voting rules at NCNP were intended to give maximum voice to organizations with a strong community base; the existence of active local projects was therefore crucial in determining voting power. But even though Vietnam Summer had created a large number of such local projects, and was in a position to wield considerable voting power, a number



Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

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of those interviewed three days before the opening of the Chicago conference had not even secured individual voting rights for themselves. Under the same circumstances, other, old Left groups would have made consistent and perhaps successful efforts to "control" NCNP by exploiting the organizations they had helped create.

What actually happened at the large, tumultuous and confused Chicago conference has been discussed at length elsewhere. Some days after the development of a "black caucus" which demanded and obtained equal representation for the minority of Negroes present, a "white caucus" was slowly organized, largely around a nucleus of Vietnam Summer staff workers. But this "organization" grew up *after* the beginning of NCNP, as an *ad hoc* response to the cross currents within that meeting. Whether the chaos and the ultimate results of NCNP could have (or should have) been avoided is an open question. What is clear is that as individuals and in groups, young radicals like those interviewed are surprisingly nonfactional, nonparanoid, trusting, guileless and anti-organization. And what remains to be seen is whether this style, and the rudimentary organizational forms to which it has so far led, is capable of operating effectively in the same socio-political arena as highly organized, bureaucratized, manipulative and centrally controlled groups.

Throughout Vietnam Summer, then, issues of power, leadership, manipulation and control were continually visible. Although the importance of "power" is increasingly stressed in the rhetoric of the New Left, the actual exercise of power produces considerable discomfort in individual New Leftists. Indeed, it seems conceivable that the tough talk of "power" is a compensation for a group that is essentially so unmanipulative and unsuspicious.

The fear of the abuse of power, of irrational authority, and of dominating leadership is in many respects a legitimate reaction to a world in which power, authority and leadership are used cruelly rather than benignly. The various positions, styles and forms that cluster around the concept of participatory democracy are an important attempt, no matter how incomplete and experimental, to devise new forms of organization and action that will humanize the organized and vitalize the actors. The strength of this position is seen in the revolt of the secretaries; its potential weakness in the dilemma inherent in trying to devise large, effective national programs that maintain their participatory basis. In small, face-to-face groups, participatory democracy works relatively well; it has yet to devise suitable forms and strategies for large-scale organization.

But although participatory democracy is more than just a matter of individual psychology, it has deep psychological roots for the New Left. In many of the young radicals interviewed, discomfort at manipulating, controlling, or wielding power over others was related to their previous experiences within the Movement and to their own individual development. If one concentrates within small, tight groups a considerable number of individuals who have been accustomed from childhood to positions of leadership, participatory democracy can be seen as a "compromise" which permits a certain degree of group harmony, although possibly at the expense of speedy decision making and organizational effectiveness. According to this compromise, everyone agrees to give up his own leadership potential in return for the assurance that no one else will try to lead him. The ability to maintain this compromise requires highly developed self-control, especially among those who enjoy dominating or being dominated.

At a more individual level, discomfort with power is related to personal concerns over dominance, control, superiority and ultimately aggression. For example, several of those interviewed commented on how difficult it had been to learn in Movement work not to be excessively impatient when others did a less adequate job than they themselves might have done. Similar themes appeared in other interviews: difficulties in delegating responsibilities to others, in learning to work cooperatively with other people, in overcoming their own tendency to "take over" groups by using their articulateness to dominate group discussions. Moreover, the fusion of will and conscience which one finds in many young radicals requires special restraint if it is not to become smugness and self-righteousness. Those I interviewed had this restraint, often holding themselves back in dealing with others whom they considered less competent, less experienced, or simply wrong. On one or two occasions, for example, these young radicals' enthusiastic praise for the superlative human qualities and talents of those with whom they had worked in previous projects had a faintly hollow ring, as if the interviewee were protesting too much. In most cases, then, these young radicals were still quite consciously attempting to overcome in themselves any propensity to dominate, control, feel superior or be impatiently angry with others.

It is axiomatic that the issues which produce in us the greatest distaste are the same issues with which we have struggled most intensely in ourselves. And in the early lives of a number of these young radicals, the issue of struggle, and even of violence, looms large. Their early experiences had accustomed them to conflict and yet inoculated them against it, teaching them how to cope with anger in themselves and in others, how to respond "rationally" to provocation, how to avoid violence. Yet the special sensitivity to dominating control, to exploitative power and sadistic anger remains, and may help explain why in this group the avoidance of anything that approximates such abuses of power is so intense. The avoidance is almost completely successful; whatever sadism, rage and violence lie within is now expressed only directly in a quickly rejected feeling of one's own superiority, a fleeting fantasy that one could have more power, or the determination not to manipulate others.

Yet the fear of power and control in oneself and others—the avoidance of violence, inner or outer—cannot be fully explained by such psychological issues as these. It is a fear with historical as well as psychological roots and it constitutes, understandably, a central theme in this group of young radicals who came together for a summer to attempt to persuade their fellow Americans to make peace.

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Harry Golden

Terry Sanford, the second "Education Governor" in North Carolina's history, announced in mid-February that he would not challenge Samuel Ervin for the Senate seat in 1968. Sanford's reasons for declining a primary were realistic: "I do not believe I can win."

At this stage in the game, Sam Ervin is unbeatable. That is a sad commentary and a sad state of affairs for North Carolina and the Senate.

In 1963, during the Senate Civil Rights hearings, Att. Gen. Robert Kennedy asked Senator Ervin whether he believed there was any discrimination against Negroes in Mississippi. The Senator said he did not know. The Attorney General suggested they go down there for a day or two and look around. The Senator declined. He said, "No, I'm too busy up here defending the Constitution."

Senator Ervin has been the Constitution's defender ever since the Supreme Court ruled racial segregation in the schools was unconstitutional. He is firmly convinced there is no constitutional sanction for putting black children in a school also attended by whites. Mixing the races in their use of public facilities is a constitutional desecration. This comes from the horse's mouth because Senator Sam is known as *the* constitutional authority.

I am quite sure that if, say, the Missouri Synod or the Vatican had declared in 1954 that segregation was un-Christian, Senator Sam would have become a theological authority, maintaining that "the Bible doesn't say one damn thing about colored children havin' to go to school with white."

Sen. Sam Ervin is unbeatable because he reflects the thinking in North Carolina. The Eastern area of the state is as rigid on race as are Alabama or Mississippi. These precincts almost elected I. Beverly Lake governor in the last election. Dr. Lake, a professor of law at Wake Forest and the supreme intellectual segregationist of the South, polled only 100,000 votes less than the conservative Dan Moore and the liberal Richardson Preyer. Lake ceded his votes to Moore and today sits on the state supreme court.

The Western area of North Carolina—Charlotte and the Piedmont—is liberal on race but conservative on economics. Charlotte would be capable of electing Martin Luther King mayor if somehow he could guarantee that there would be no collective bargaining and no minimum wage for laundry workers and domestics.

Sen. Sam Ervin is both the obverse and the reverse of the North Carolina coin. He satisfied the eastern part of the state filibustering against civil rights bills and he satisfies the western part with his anti-union record.

Ex-Governor Sanford, now practicing law, never played any "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" games. He was the first Southern governor to proclaim that color should not stand in the way of a man being employed in any job he was competent to hold.

The first of North Carolina's "Education Governors" was Charles Brantley Aycock who built public schools all over the state at the turn of the century. Sixty years later, Terry Sanford secured appropriations from a recalcitrant legislature to build new schools, raise teachers' pay, and provide students with free textbooks. Lest anyone think this normal behavior on the part of a governor of North Carolina, I remind readers that the state has no kindergarten systems and that, beyond a certain grade, students still must rent their textbooks.

Sanford proposed to raise revenues for these reforms by taxing cigarettes. Had he offered to sell the daughters of the Tar Heel state into white slavery he couldn't have elicited a greater outrage. Cigarettes are sacrosanct in North Carolina. If Terry Sanford had succeeded in taxing them, he would have wiped out the smugglers who buy a carton for $1.40 and sell it to a New York distributor for $1.90, who then sells it for $2.90, much to the distress of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

When the legislature balked, Sanford asked it for a tax on food. To a North Carolina politician a tax on milk is a much more conscionable levy than a tax on smokes. Sanford said: "The only way to beat the cycle of poverty is through education." Of course in North Carolina when a political figure says poverty he means the "Negro problem," so the response of the PTAs was less than enthusiastic. But Sanford stuck it out and put all who believe in public education in his debt.

I first met Terry Sanford during W. Kerr Scott's campaign for the Senate against Alton Lennon. I wrote speeches for Kerr Scott and one night Sanford and I shared a hotel room in Raleigh. He was a smart man then, destined for political advancement. I remember him at the Democratic convention when he seconded the nomination of John F. Kennedy.

When he departed Raleigh after the one term North Carolina permits its governors, he left behind him the first state-wide anti-poverty program ever enacted, as well as the foundation of the Governor's School, an institution for especially talented children who have finished their secondary education. He also issued a stern departing warning: "I have come to believe that charity and relief are not the best answers to human suffering, that the schools are not the answer so long as only half of our students finish school, that the wealth of America is not the answer if some families have only 50c a day per person for all expenses . . . ."

That a civilized area of the United States in the late 20th century could not respond to these accomplishments, could not retain such a man in public life, is a reason for despair. But Sanford is still a young man and that is a reason for hope. If we who hope that Terry Sanford will some day serve his nation and his state we must accept the political reality that he cannot afford to become known now as a "loser," which he surely would be if he tried to unseat Sam Ervin, Mr. Constitution himself.

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JOURNALISM ON THE AIR

The Seven O'Clock Supermen

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *has covered television network assignments in the Soviet Union and Southeast Asia.*

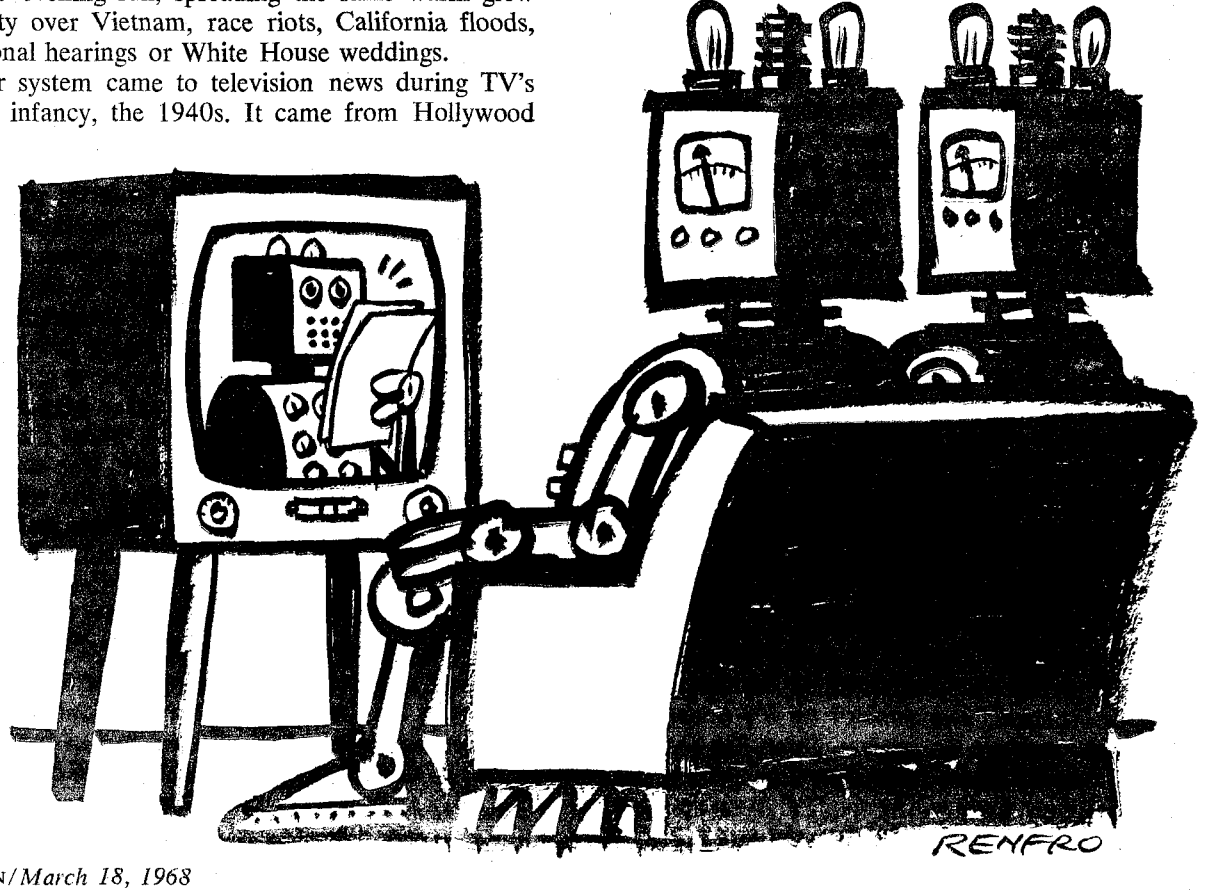
"I've said twenty times that I wanted my on-camera closer included in the news spot!" stormed an outraged TV correspondent as he returned to his typewriter from a trip to the editing room. "My last paragraph is just as important as my first, but some nitwit news editor tells me Bob Young will summarize *my* piece!"

This close-up of the frustrations of a TV correspondent ought not to be surprising. Network news programs are so dominated by the news stars—Bob Young, Walter Cronkite, Huntley-Brinkley—as to obscure the mass of individual contributions whose accumulation makes up the true shape of the news. This has come about because TV ratings, the network's yardstick of success, are believed to be the direct product of the star's personal popularity. Thus the image has been carefully cultivated of a journalistic superman—all-knowing, Olympian, omnipresent. It is he who guides the viewer across the electronic front page. His personality (summed up by one network vice president as "believability") touches every story like the light of the evening sun, spreading the same warm glow of authority over Vietnam, race riots, California floods, Congressional hearings or White House weddings.

The star system came to television news during TV's precocious infancy, the 1940s. It came from Hollywood where tradition held that stars, not stories, sold tickets. Thus the star system was taken from the dream factory to the reality factory; and when critics charged that N.B.C. spent more to promote John Cameron Swayze than to improve its news coverage, the network contended that the carnation-wearing Mr. Swayze was the chief reason why people tuned in *Camel News Caravan*. Twenty years later, the audience has shifted from the nation's barrooms to the nation's living rooms. In the process the television audience, seemingly without those who participated in it noticing, has undergone profound social change. In 1968, the national audience includes 10 million college graduates and more than one-half of all the high school educated people in the world.

Every weekday night at 7, an estimated 50 million Americans turn to their TV sets to watch Bob Young (A.B.C.), Walter Cronkite (C.B.S.) or Huntley-Brinkley (N.B.C.) bring them the news. How good are the news-gathering organizations behind these highly paid journalistic supermen? Ponder the following three cases:

(1) Recently all three news programs carried the story of President Johnson's remarkable action in demanding that each member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff sign a statement that Khesanh could be defended. In each instance



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the network credited *Time* with the news break. Yet the President's action was known to at least half a dozen sources —including talkative Congressmen—in Washington.

(2) The TV audience first learned that automobiles bearing the "Made in Detroit" stamp were unsafe at any speed during Senate hearings in March, 1966. Readers of *The Nation* were alerted to the story five months earlier when Ralph Nader wrote "The Corvair Story" (November 1, 1965).

(3) And Linda Fitzpatrick. In early October, 1967, the TV news organizations were confronted with a story possessing deep national interest. On the surface it concerned a pretty girl from a wealthy American suburb who had been murdered in unusual surroundings. But Linda Fitzpatrick lived in two worlds—the well-adjusted world of Greenwich, Conn., and a drug-hallucinated world of Greenwich Village. Both C.B.S. and A.B.C. covered the sensational story as though it were just another murder. Jack Perkins of *NBC News* tried to dig a little deeper, following up with a series of reports on hallucinatory drugs. But it took the brilliant reporting of Anthony Lukas and a team of reporters from *The New York Times* to give the story its full significance. Ironically, Lukas used a movie technique, cutting rapidly between the shuttered world of Linda's parents and the reality of her drug-preoccupied friends. The juxtaposition of interviews would have made an absorbing program.

These differences in performance between the newspapers and magazines and TV news have helped provoke considerable soul-searching among television people in recent years. "The networks," says Walter Cronkite of C.B.S., "including my own, do a first-rate job of disseminating the news, but all of them have third-rate news-gathering organizations. We are still basically dependent on the wire services. We have barely dipped our toe into investigative reporting." David Brinkley of N.B.C. agrees. "When it comes to covering news," he told an audience of newspaper editors, "in any kind of detailed way, we are just almost not in the ball game." But network brass are still more concerned with the identity of their news stars than with their programs. To be sure, the days when *ABC News* wanted to dress Chet Huntley in a milkman's costume for something called *The Milkman's View of the News* have disappeared. Yet all are still on call for celebrity appearances at rodeos, post office openings and state fairs. Show business continues to dominate the TV news business.

At stake is a good deal more than the newscaster's own professional concern. It is a question of whether the public will be shortchanged as TV news continues to expand in influence and impact. More than 1,000 newspapers have vanished since the 1930s, and, in the big-population centers, the mortality rate is climbing. Of the nine daily papers published in New York during the forties, only three survive. Confronted by broadcasting competition, newspapers have gobbled up TV outlets as fast as they have come on the market. From the *Daily News* to the *Los Angeles Times* newspaper management has become increasingly involved in the TV business. One result has been a drastic reduction in the number of competing editorial voices in the community. Nowadays there are more than 350 single-voice cities in the United States, a trend that shows no sign of slowing down.

What is significant and must be recognized is that newspaper coverage is now secondary to TV coverage in the United States. According to an Elmo Roper poll, some 58 per cent of the U.S. public gets most of its news from TV. Walter Cronkite's news program now has more viewers than forty-one of the weekly prime-time entertainment shows. Huntley-Brinkley is ahead of nearly as many such programs. A.B.C.'s Bob Young draws more than 9 million viewers a night; Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley are tied with 20 million apiece. From zero in 1945 to 50 million viewers in 1968 is a phenomenal achievement. But the star-dominated format is still TV's basic news pattern. It has served the public better than most critics realize, but it is overdue for revision of its aims and methods. The three main criticisms are: The format is tired, worn out, old-fashioned; twenty years ago a case could be made for the star system on the ground that there really weren't any news departments; today the journalistic superstar survives only as an anachronism. Second, there has been little encouragement of investigative reporting and insufficient regard for independent judgment. Third, the system has worked better as a news pipe line than as a news-gathering organization.

TV news should operate like a good newspaper, with the emphasis on a company of first-rate reporters. Reuven Frank, executive vice president of *NBC News*, took a giant step in the 1950s with Huntley-Brinkley, and another one last year with the addition of "contributing editors" Sander Vanocur, Jack Perkins and Douglas Cater. This change is significant; it would be consistent with the second requirement of reform; that the investigative reporter should play a bigger role in the daily news program. The need is made sharper by the all too clear evidence from Vietnam—and elsewhere—that a badly motivated government inevitably leads to a badly informed public. This generalization is perfectly clear to a good reporter. Much television reporting is shoddy. Morley Safer's famous *CBS News* film sequence showing U.S. Marines in August, 1965, burning a Vietnamese village is a true condemnation of much TV reporting. Safer made his report memorable by abandoning the so-called "equal by stop watch" objectivity. The clue to a network's integrity lies in the distinction it makes between a reporter's objectivity and his responsibility. What the reporter must guard himself against is whitewash. The reporter is called on to investigate what lies behind the whitewash—solid brick or rubble. It is no longer enough merely to marshal the facts. "If you have nothing to tell us," wrote Voltaire in his article on history for the *Encyclopedia*, "except that one barbarian succeeded another on the banks of the Oxus and Jaxartes, what is that to us?"

Few doubt that the networks have the technical resources, but the networks must now overcome the present impression that that is all they have. Last year, competition as diverse as *Ramparts*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *I. F. Stone's Weekly* showed more investigative zeal than the networks.

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Unfortunately, hopes for improving television news suffered a sharp setback this season. The three networks—for the first time in recent memory—all suffered profit declines (not to be confused with losses). In the case of A.B.C., the failure to merge with ITT was a blow to an already cash-short company. Predictably, the decline in advertising revenues has been accompanied by a staff cutback at all the networks; the cost accountant's "winter-spring" offensive has fallen hardest on the news rooms. Putting sentiment aside—and bookkeepers always put sentiment aside—this is absolutely wrong. For some time now, though editorial expense amounts to something less than 15 per cent of a network's news budget, the trend has been toward less newsmen. The business office lightens its own and management's darkness by explaining through graphs and computer breakouts why newsmen make up an entirely burdensome cost. Like sugarless candy, NoCal beer, and tobacco-free cigarettes, the reporter has become an item that some executives feel a news room can do without. There's nothing wrong with the wire services, but the AP and UPI are no substitutes for a reporter and a camera team on the spot.

All of this does not add up to a cry of doom. But it does add up to an overwhelming case for saying that network news presidents Elmer Lower, William McAndrew and Richard Salant should ask their superiors what is the future for television news. It will be a great calamity if 1968 comes to be regarded as the year when TV news stood still because, for a season, broadcasting profits happened to be only tiptoeing along.

TV's First Real Paper

MICHAEL HARRIS
Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

When reports of progress toward settling San Francisco's first major newspaper strike began to be heard, a surprising tone of regret appeared in some of the mail received by KQED, the city's educational television station. Many San Franciscans, it developed, had come to prefer seeing reporters and editors on Channel 9 instead of reading their work in the city's two daily papers.

The television station, aided by a $5,000-a-week grant from the Ford Foundation, began presenting its daily *Newspaper of the Air* from 7:30 to 8:30 each night on the third day of the strike. Since the beginning of this special project in early January, KQED, which is probably the nation's most successful educational television station, has built up the largest audience in its fourteen-year history.

More significantly, those of us who have participated in the experiment think we have helped produce a new type of news programing, with far more depth and a great deal more liveliness than the headline-oriented news broadcasts developed by commercial radio and television. Some of our most enthusiastic praise has come from colleagues in commercial television, who are distressed that the private stations failed to come up with anything stimulating or imaginative during the strike. Local newspaper men have been stopped on the street by strangers who tell us what a pleasure it is to be able to connect the face with the by-line, local restaurant owners say that a number of their 8 P.M. regulars have been coming in an hour late in order not to miss their daily paper on television.

The KQED audience has seen, either during the nightly broadcast or in the morning and noon reruns the following day, a chatty editorial conference at which reporters discuss their stories and answer questions on the significance of what they have found. (The end of the strike means the end of the *Newspaper of the Air* as a daily program, though KQED hopes to keep it alive on Sunday nights.) We are not polished performers, but like most newspaper men we like to talk, and we have learned to relax before the camera. The atmosphere is informal, and when a reporter is asked what the reason is for a vote by the Board of Supervisors or for an appointment

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by Gov. Ronald Reagan, his answer is apt to prove informative and amusing.

The local staff has had its problems, but the greatest technical hazards have come from trying to gather a balanced report of world and national news. The program signed up first for the UPI radio wire, but that proved unsatisfactory because the material was written so briefly that the significance of the news was lost. After a few days, the program switched to two UPI newspaper wires instead. Copies of the day's *New York Times, Christian Science Monitor* and *Los Angeles Times* were obtained locally, and special arrangements were made with United Air Lines to have a late copy of *The Washington Post* placed each day aboard the morning nonstop flight to San Francisco. A telegraph editor forced to rely solely on the wire services during the *Pueblo* crisis and the sudden Vietcong offensive in the cities would have found it impossible to keep his perspective.

In the first five weeks of the newspaper strike some eighty reporters, editors, columnists, photographers and artists from the two local papers appeared on the *Newspaper of the Air,* many on a regular basis. Ten of us were invited to form the basic news staff; Mel Wax a former Nieman Fellow who quit a newspaper job last year to become KQED's public affairs director, served as our editor. Most of us had had at least a little experience on television, but two men who were new to the medium turned out to be natural performers.

One was William German, the *Chronicle*'s news editor

LETTERS (*Continued from page 362*)

weave the pellets together into a polemic on the Vietnamese War. . . . I was the first and only Peace Corps director ever to serve in Guinea, one of the countries listed by the professor. Our expulsion had nothing whatever to do with the Vietnamese War. President Sekou Touré himself explained it as a gesture protesting the alleged American involvement in the arrest of the Guinean foreign minister off a Pan American airplane in Accra, Ghana. . . . Both in Guinea and in the United States, important officials of the Guinean Government expressed regret to me about our leaving and suggested the desirability of our eventual return. At no time, either during the crisis that resulted in our departure or since, has the war in Vietnam ever been mentioned in any way as having influenced the decision of the government of Guinea.

The other expulsions were also the result of antagonisms that were local in nature. In Turkey, it was the Cyprus question; in Mauritania it was the Middle East war; in Pakistan it was our relationship with India; and in Gabon it was the strings from Paris manipulated by a leader determined to rid Africa of any American presence.

There is little question that making the Peace Corps the scapegoat for host country disagreements with foreign policy actions directly affecting such countries creates acute problems for the future of the Peace Corps. However, I think Professor Berreman does a disservice to the cause of peace when he seeks to make the Peace Corps a casualty of the war in Vietnam. *Henry R. Norman*

vote on Vietnam

Madison, Wis.

DEAR SIRS: For three months a broadly based, nonpartisan Wisconsin organization called Madison Citizens for a Vote on Vietnam has worked to place the following resolution before the electorate in the April 2 primary:

> It is the policy of the people of the City of Madison that there be an immediate cease fire and the withdrawal of United States troops from Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese people can determine their own destiny.

On Jan. 25, the Madison Common Council reluctantly acted on the petition of 7,959 of its constituents, and voted to place the resolution on the spring ballot. At present it appears that the people of Madison will be the only ones in America with such an opportunity to repudiate President Johnson's policies.

We are now mounting a full-scale publicity and educational campaign. Our resources are slender, and readers who may wish to assist are urged to send contributions to Madison Citizens for a Vote on Vietnam, 206 King Street, Madison, Wis. *Paul H. Has*

Werth's sources

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: I could not let Alexander Werth's article "Russi on the Nile" [*The Nation,* Feb. 12] go by without som sort of protest. Mr. Werth's capsule history of the genesi of the June war is too cute for words. The political affair commentator of Radio Moscow could not have done better job. To speak of Israeli "aggression" against Syri or to speak of an Israeli "attack" against Syria brings bac memories of Federenko's words in the UN. The world i expected to conveniently forget the continual artillery mortar, and sniper fire against Israeli ships in Lake Hule and against Israeli lowland settlements beneath the Gola Heights.

Let us be more accurate with our history, Mr. Werth The Israeli "attack" against Syria was a retaliation afte many warnings. The Arabs thought that the Israelis woul either fold up or be provoked into a losing war. What th Russians thought I cannot say. I can only stick to history a it happened. *Leo Sirot*

Paris

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Sirota is talking through his hat. M number-one source was not "Radio Moscow" but th *absolute top French authority* on Egypt, Jean Lacouture. S much so that I was even a little nervous in case he though I was borrowing a little too much from some of his writings and notably from his outstanding article on the subject in recent issue of the liberal French weekly, *Le Nouve Observateur.* In the course of the article I acknowledge m debt to Mr. Lacouture, though perhaps not emphatically enough. *Alexander Wert*

correction

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The implication in the review by Edith Ander son of Frederic Ewen's book on Brecht ["The Restoration o Brecht," *The Nation,* Mar. 4] that the play *Simone Machar* is unpublished here is incorrect. It came out in 1965 as separate paperback in the Grove Press edition of the work of Brecht and is of course still in print. *Eric Bentley*

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who became managing editor of the *Newspaper of the Air*. For many viewers, the best part of the evening has come in the last two or three minutes when German, with a soft marking pen in hand, draws up page 1 of the *Newspaper of the Air*. He has proved an informative editor, explaining why some stories are played higher than others and why the big news of the day doesn't always command the big headlines.

Robert Bastian, the *Chronicle*'s editorial cartoonist, has been the other surprise. He astonishes the viewers and his fellow participants by turning out four or five delightful cartoons in the course of an hour.

Because of technical problems, we found that we could use very little film. But this has turned out to be no hardship since we also discovered that films and interviews frequently slow down presentation of the news. It has proved better to offer a quick report than to spend time on anything less than the most extraordinary interview. Among those who proved excellent subjects were James Farmer, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Seichi Ozawa, the young Japanese who is to succeed Josef Krips as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony. Perhaps the liveliest interview came when Judy Stone, feature editor of the program, brought Stanley Kramer into the studio and asked him why he had made so many compromises in his interracial movie *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.*

Once the news is covered, in half an hour or more, the critics and columnists appear. The theatre has been reviewed thoroughly and frequently by the *Chronicle*'s Paine Knickerbocker and the *Examiner*'s Stanley Eichelbaum (*The New Yorker*'s original "our man Stanley" until he moved West). There have been reports on books, society weddings and divorces, sports, fashion and business—in short, the normal diet of a daily paper—two or three times a week.

Art Hoppe, the *Chronicle*'s political satirist, not only provided his own columns but was also assigned the task of reading the funnies—a device that is worn thin, but is probably essential in a community that lives and breathes with "Peanuts." Herb Caen reported gossip not only for KQED but for a temporary daily paper put out by *Ramparts* and for a commercial radio station. In fact, it has been a curious characteristic of the strike that many newspaper men went to work temporarily for other San Francisco employers and wrote everything under their own names.

As had been expected, there were omissions in the *Newspaper of the Air*. No effective way was found to provide stock market news, and other vital statistics had to be omitted. Only the most prominent deaths have been reported, and not all of them. Newspaper editorial departments learn about most deaths from the carbons of paid funeral notices purchased by local mortuaries. We have had to rely on the families and friends of the dead.

The second major area of omission has consisted of all the news that couldn't make page 1. To allow enough time to present the important news adequately, we have had to omit much state and local activity that would have made the local news columns of the daily papers. As one result, the city's commissions have been able to operate more freely than has been customary or healthy for them.

With the strike over, San Francisco journalism is returning to business as usual. It is too early yet to know whether any of the lessons learned from the *Newspaper of the Air* will be absorbed by the commercial stations. There is probably no reason to be unduly optimistic.

CLEVELAND'S 100 DAYS

THE EDUCATION OF CARL STOKES

ADELE ZEIDMAN SILVER
Mrs. Silver writes a regular column for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cleveland

Poor Carl Stokes! Everybody wants to pass judgment on his first hundred days as Mayor of Cleveland, and his famous dimpled grin is looking a little strained. As the hundredth day dawned, a county-wide TV poll indicated that 65 per cent of the viewers who bothered to call in were dissatisfied with his performance to date. Though that didn't mean much—only city votes, not county votes, had elected him—the TV commentators reported the results with grim glee. A local editor compared Stokes to the allies in North Africa, saying he wasn't at the beginning of the end *yet,* just at the end of the beginning.

The rush to judgment is premature, but the town is nervous. He has only another 600 days to go, and the record to date is being read for omens and portents, like the opening scene of a classic tragedy. Stokes is a mild man to be cast in a role of such heroic consequence. But, being the first black mayor of a major American city, he has been set up, even by his own promises and his own ardent supporters, as a knight on crusade. Knocking him down is the new sport in Cleveland politics.

How does the record so far really read?

(1) Stokes has cleaned out some deadwood and reorganized some sloppy areas of government, notably in the Law Department, the Metropolitan Housing Commission and the Port Authority. In the absence of both money and time, he has tried to tighten up, make more efficient, a government whose most conspicuous legacy was twenty-five years of honest lethargy.

(2) He found quickly that the city needed funds—a needlessly surprising discovery because of his silly campaign talk about a hidden surplus. Now he is asking for a

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0.3 per cent increase in the new city income tax for 1968 and, for 1969, a full 1 per cent. If approved, the tax will bring in a little more than $4 million.

(3) He opposed a charter amendment for police and fire salary raises, which would use up $3.5 million of the projected tax increase. The police are a touchy spot in Cleveland, as in most big cities, and Stokes is suffering pot shots from all sides because of his relations with the department. He has pulled 230 men from office jobs to put them on street patrol. Crime rates continue to go up; traffic arrests have dropped sharply; low morale and intramural bitterness plague the police department.

(4) After three months' search, Stokes finally found a man to take over the urban renewal mess. He is Richard Green of the Cambridge Corporation, a protégé of Ed Logue, who became nationally known in connection with the Boston renewal project. Logue had turned down the job at the beginning of the 100-day search. Green's salary of $28,000 is higher than Stokes's, and several councilmen were shocked for the TV cameras, stating that for that kind of money, they could do the job. As much as anything else, their passionate public idiocy confirmed public approval of Green's appointment.

(5) Stokes had made no apparent progress yet in unlocking the federal urban renewal funds that were withheld from the previous administration, though promises that his victory would virtually guarantee the city access to the federal purse were implicit in his campaign. At the end of the fourth month, on March 4, HUD released $251,750 to continue a program of tearing down vacant and vandalized buildings, and announced a grant of $11,790,192 for the stymied University Euclid Renewal project. Stokes called it "the end of the freeze." HUD Secretary Robert Weaver said: "Substantial progress has been accomplished," but added, "let me make it perfectly clear that we are not satisfied on all points yet."

(6) He has opened up Board of Control meetings to the public, inaugurated Open House nights at City Hall ("shades of Lester Maddox," cracked one wag), has instructed all public officials to list their home telephones, and has answered his own cheerfully at 7:30 A.M. (it was a reporter calling, to check). He is appearing in public more than he really wanted to, trying to bolster his position with his attractive personality.

(7) On the whole, appointments have been undramatic. Whether he thought he couldn't get top men and so didn't try for them, as some astute observers say, or whether he got turned down more often than anybody close to him cares to admit, or whether his judgment of men is flawed, Stokes has not come up with a distinguished administration. Probably all three reasons are part of the truth.

(8) He can no longer count on a united Negro community, thanks to the reapportionment that provided one heavily Negro Congressional district out of Cleveland's four. More than two dozen Negroes originally filed for the race; the number is now down to fourteen, one of them Stokes's able brother Louis. The splintering of the Negro community was bound to come, but it came sooner than is comfortable for the Mayor.

(9) Stokes has been criticized for unimportant but foolish gestures—most recently his suggestion that the city

buy an $11,000 limousine "to show it's really a Big City," and most severely for having taken a couple of vacations early in his term, especially one to a luxurious resort in the Virgin Islands. What's really damaging is that the criticism in such matters tends toward ridicule, which is particularly hard for an ambitious politician to accept.

On balance, the record thus far is mediocre. But mediocrity is what Cleveland is used to in its city government, so why the shouting? Because, deep in the city's fears for its future, is the notion that Carl Stokes may be its last chance. If he succeeds, the city may be spared more racial violence (as it was last summer when he was a candidate), may indeed attract large sums of federal money, may restore itself to a significant place among the nation's ten largest cities.

If he fails, there may come after him a deluge of every urban woe imaginable to man. That cheerless thought struggles in the city's conscience with the temptation to joust with him just one more round, to hit him one more blow before helping him shine up his battered armor. Nobody wants a public part in bringing him down, with the terrible consequences that could follow. A knight must be brave and pure, but innocence is another matter. As a relative newcomer to the middle class and the upper-middle reaches of power, Stokes believes a little too fervently in the Establishment. Local business and industry leaders have, with rare exceptions, been unwilling as yet to put their money where their pious mouthings are. If the signs and omens are read accurately, Carl Stokes's first 100 days show that he will have to make the next 600 count. Including vacation time.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Honest Jim and the Tinker Toy Model

THE DOUBLE HELIX. *By James D. Watson. Atheneum Publishers. 226 pp. $5.95.*

J. BRONOWSKI

Dr. Bronowski is senior fellow of the Salk Institute of Biological Studies at La Jolla, Calif. His many published works on science and literature include The Common Sense of Science (*Harvard*), Identity of Man (*Doubleday*), *and* William Blake and the Age of Revolution (*Harper & Row*). The Nation *has twice devoted special issues to his major essays,* Science and Human Values (*Dec. 29, 1956*) *and* The Abacus and the Rose: A Dialogue After Galileo (*Jan. 4, 1964*).

James Watson and Francis Crick both enjoy (I use the verb literally) the reputation of *enfants terribles* among their fellows in biology. Francis Crick likes the stress to be on the word *terrible,* of course, as any Englishman does. But James Watson is a child of America, the culture indifferently of the spoiled child and the child wonder, and he has never balked at the simple art of playing the *enfant.*

The pleasure of this book about their collaboration is that it perfectly catches both attitudes. It is an open secret that there have been some disputes over it, chiefly between the principals (who include Dr. Maurice H. F. Wilkins of the University of London, who shared the Nobel award with Watson and Crick), but also with others in the story, and that the book has been changed and bowdlerized here and there as a result. As a reader with an average relish for gossip I am of course sorry to lose any of the small darts of fun and barbs of malice that have gone. But it would be silly to pretend that the book has lost its savor because they are now fewer than they were. It remains just what James Watson perceived and conceived in the beginning, a classical fable about the charmed seventh sons, the anti-heroes of folklore who stumble from one comic mishap to the next until inevitably they fall into the funniest adventure of all: they guess the magic riddle correctly. Though the traditional parts of Rosalind Franklin as the witch and Linus Pauling as the rival suitor (for example) have been toned down, they are still unmistakably what they were, mythological postures rather than characters.

Historically, the essential story goes in this way. James Watson was 23 and a recent Ph.D. when he came to Cambridge in 1951 on the fag end of a fellowship to learn about nucleic acids. Francis Crick whom he met there was 35, but he had not yet finished his Ph.D. because he had been a fledgling physicist when the war began and had only turned about to biology in 1947. There was by now a spreading belief (based on the work of O. T. Avery toward the end of the war) that the material that carries the blueprint of heredity from the cells of the parents to those of the child might not after all be composed of proteins, as had long been thought, but of nucleic acids, DNA. Since it was evident that DNA is many times simpler than any protein, this was a cheering thought, and Watson and Crick cheerfully resolved to unravel its chemical structure. I ought to say this more exactly: they proposed to build up a geometrical model of the DNA molecule from which its known properties and behavior would be seen to follow naturally.

The sum total of known properties of DNA that they had to guide them was meager. There were pictures taken by the diffraction of X-rays in Wilkins' laboratory in London which suggested to them that the molecule had the shape of a regular spiral. Everyone's mind was then full of spirals because Linus Pauling had recently built a model which showed that there is an underlying spiral in some proteins—the alpha-helix. Francis Crick was able to calculate precisely what X-ray picture a spiral or helix will produce, and that was his first important paper.

It was known that each nucleic acid is composed of the same four chemical bases, and is presumably characterized by the particular pattern of repetitions in which they are strung along the chemical backbone of the helix. It was likely that the helix had several strands, and Rosalind Franklin was sure (but Watson and Crick were not) that the bases were strung inside the backbone and not outside. Above all, Crick and Watson had one master key to the structure which other workers disregarded. They were impressed by the evidence of Erwin Chargaff that the four chemical bases come in pairs—the number of units of thymine seemed to be always the same as the number of adenine, and the number of units of cytosine the same as those of guanine. Unfortunately, between the intervals of being impressed, they mostly disregarded it too.

With this modest equipment of the known and the hazarded, the two young men set out to solve the problem that goes back to Gregor Mendel crossing peas in a monastery garden 100 years ago: how is heredity handed on physically? They tackled it by building tinker-toy models of whatever looked like possible arrangements of the bases in DNA. This seems a childish and farfetched procedure, and they had some nasty setbacks with it; yet it worked, and in eighteen months they had the structure that renowned men were looking for from London to Pasadena.

In retrospect, the achievement is so lucid that it looks transparent. The helix, made of two matched strands, a unit of thymine always opposite one of adenine, and cytosine always opposite guanine, is so logical and natural that it now seems self-evident. Clearly this is how the dividing cell is able to split its hereditary material in half, and how each of the two daughter cells is able to make a whole again by using one strand of DNA as a template to form the other strand. If we had to design heredity, and were as simple as nature and as clever as Crick and Watson, that is just how we would do it.

No one could miss the excitement in this story of a great and beautiful discovery. But James Watson has given it something more, and unexpected: a quality of innocence and absurdity that children have when they tell a fairy story. The style is shy and sly, bumbling and irreverent, artless and good-humored and mischievous, so that the book leaves us with the spirited sense of intellectual knockabout of a novel by Kingsley Amis. It would obviously have been called *Lucky Jim* if Amis had not been so inconsiderate as to make that title famous in advance. In the same vein, it was called at different times *Honest Jim* and (with a tartar pun) *Base Pairs* before it settled down soberly to *The Double Helix*; and the easy air of confidence that has gone from the title still blows happily through the narrative.

Of course there are hidden tugs of personality that give this brisk edge to the style. In a sense, James Watson is

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playing Boswell, and inevitably Francis Crick becomes Dr. Johnson—monumental, admired, and (every so often) scored off. And if the effect is amusing as a tease, it is also fair. After all, the story is not an adventure of Sherlock Holmes, and James Watson did not play *that* Dr. Watson. What he writes is a labor of love—a labor of self-love in part, no doubt, but dominated by the love for the open adventure of science that formed and troubled and fulfilled his dreams.

In the result, the book communicates the spirit of science as no formal account has ever done. Of course it will be read by scientists, but what it has to say is vivid and important for every reader. For example, it will bring home to the nonscientist how the scientific method really works: that we *invent* a model and then *test* its consequences, and that it is this conjunction of imagination and realism that constitutes the inductive method. The models in science are not always as concrete as those which Crick and Watson put together with their hands; Albert Einstein could not have made a visible model of his space-time; and yet space-time *is* a model, and so is every discovery, and it takes its power from the closeness with which the consequences that flow from it match the real world.

Building models with one's hands is an engaging task, during which the builder becomes attached to his model and is tempted to gloss over its faults. Since most models are wrong and have to be discarded, however attractive they seem, it is therefore helpful to have two people at work, so that each may be ruthless with the other. This is a point that Francis Crick has made, and it comes out firmly in this book—the progress of science depends on criticism. This is why there are no scientific critics in the sense that there are literary critics in their own right. Criticism is a necessary and positive function in science, but it has no independent status; and if you cannot make and take it without anger, then (like Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's play) you are out of place in the world of change that science creates and inhabits.

I come back to the phrase I have already used, that James Watson in this book expresses the open adventure of science: the sense of the future, the high spirits and the rivalry and the guesses right and wrong, the surge of imagination and the test of fact. Science is an optimistic profession because anyone can win the prizes but he has to work for them, he has to prove his gifts and to love his work—they are not prizes in a lottery or a shooting gallery. This is a contemporary message that every reader ought to get from the book, and it gives it the force of a social document. Its two happy, bustling, comic anti-heroes are new in literature today and yet should be a model for it, because they run head-on against the nostalgia for defeat which haunts the writer's imagery of action now. Here is a working world that shows by contrast how pitiful are the heroes of violence and hard luck, the numbers players, the addicts and the Kansas killers; and that we are to be pitied for envying their rage on the pretext that it is a form of social protest. I do not suppose *The Double Helix* will outsell Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* but it is a more characteristic criticism and chronicle of our age, and young men will be fired by it when Perry Smith and Dick Hickock no longer interest even an analyst.

A Biography of His Age

GORKY AMONG US (Gorkii sredi nas). *By Konstantin Fedin. Moscow, 1967.*

SEVEN YEARS WITH GORKY (S'em l'et s Gorkim). *By Ilya Shkapa. Moscow, 1966.*

THE BRIDGE AND THE ABYSS. *By Bertram D. Wolfe. Frederick A. Praeger. 188 pp. $5.95.*

GORKY. *By Irwin Weil. Random House. 238 pp. $2.25 paper.*

DAN LEVIN

Mr. Levin teaches creative writing and comparative literature at Post College, Long Island University. His Stormy Petrel: The Life and Work of Maxim Gorky (*Meredith*) *has recently been republished in England* (*Frederick Muller*).

On the 16th of March, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Alexey Maximovich Peshkev—Maxim Gorky—will be celebrated in the Soviet Union. His shade leads an uneasy coexistence with Lenin's and confronts that of Stalin.

His life was a vast drama. He was "the hobo who became a writer," but he insisted on growing, and became the beau ideal of the writer of conviction and integrity; and the evidence, for millions, that the lowly can rise to greatness. Never a Marxist, he believed, despairingly, in "Man." "I have no faith, Lev Nikolayevich," he said to Tolstoy, who nevertheless insisted Gorky was essentially a believer. Faith in a spiritualized human reason he combined with a harsh atomic view; the poet Blok sardonically asked him if this was "panpsychism."

He supported, with trepidation, the Revolution of February, 1917; and opposed the Bolshevik Revolution of October. Finally he came to terms with Lenin, in order to save human lives and much of Russian culture, in time of civil war, suffering and terror. Immediately after, he went into exile, bitter but still hoping a "New Man" would arise in the Soviet Union.

An honest close-up of his last years is almost impossible while so many who took part in the acts and psychology of the Stalin period are still alive and believe they were justified. Gorky returned, torn by many motives, to a Soviet Union in its iron age, and became Stalin's "superintendent of writers." The evidence seems clear that he tried to mitigate; to build within the dictatorship the foundations of that "New Man." However, a young revolutionary idealist of the old breed, Victor Serge, looked at him with disenchantment, as a servant of tyranny.

He "meddled"—in his writing, and finally in action—with Stalin's machine: an old knight, with wooden lance, charging a tank division. He tried to save the Old Bolsheviks, and obstructed an understanding with the Nazis. His world reputation was still such that the Great Purges could not begin while he lived. He died—"was died," is the grim Russian phrase often used—on June 19, 1936; was interred in the Kremlin wall in a formidable ceremony; and an effort was made to have him remembered as a party liner. A "cover story" was even invented, that he had been murdered by the opposition. It has now been abandoned, and nobody knows what to say.

This is because the physical and moral price Russia paid for revolution and industrialization is still hard to admit, and Gorky's story opens it wide. He embodied so much: Blok once said that if there was such an entity as Russia—"that great, boundless, spacious, melancholy and felicitous something"—Gorky was its highest expression. There are faint signs that the Soviet Union is moving, with qualms, toward a truer view of him.

One dare not expect candid statements from those most able to make them—old writers who knew both Gorky and Russian history, which they lived. Ilya Gruzdev has published another book which again avoids discussing the grown man. Konstantin Fedin's new book of memoirs, *Gorky Among Us,* repeats un-

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believable clichés. (*"There is one man who understands everything splendidly and sees all splendidly." Gorky is silent, smiles, and with a look of pleasure sees that I understand him. Then he pronounces in a soft, low bass voice: "Lenin."*) But some intonations in the book suggest the search going on in cultured Russian consciences.

Fedin's own cross is that, equipped to be a major novelist, because of his time and conditions he had to settle for less. His *Early Joys,* for example, which should have been a top-flight novel, falls short through lack of candor. (Of course the demand that the Russian writer speak the truth, boldly and recklessly, is based on the assumption—stated once by the old Populist Karonin to the young Gorky—that Russian literature is "a form of holy writing"; of no other literature has so much been asked, when it comes to matters affecting the state itself.)

The same "less than candor" stamps Fedin's book about Gorky. Interesting points stud it. Trotsky is mentioned, not as traitor but as overzealous Communist (an event!). Light is thrown on Gorky's estimate of Blok. The Serapion Brotherhood, which stood under Gorky's protection, is defined as a group of writers who were all *different,* and whose value was in the *differences.*

Fedin even explains why, although for sixteen years he had rushed to see Gorky at every chance, when the news came that Gorky was "ill," near Moscow, Fedin—along with all the other writers whose guiding spirit Gorky had been—merely sat waiting, weeks, for a phone call that finally came, telling him to be at the funeral. To try to recall the reason for his neglect, Fedin writes, "would be like trying to throw a seed on the ground during a storm. Either it was a deep absentmindedness, or a prolonged agitation." If the Olympics included a gymnastic event such as "Explanations," surely Fedin's would win a gold medal.

And still, even this is a movement on the waters.

More telling, although (or because) so awkwardly and naively written, is *Seven Years With Gorky* by Ilya Shkapa. It deals with Gorky's badly documented last years. Shkapa was one of the young, poorly educated writers who were directly under Gorky's wing, his main hope. They staffed the magazines he controlled, such as *Our Achievements.* Their worship of him comes through, and his affectionate, if clumsy and even pathetic, effort to mold them along lines of humanism. "He helped us grow, but demanded study and hard work." When Gorky went down, his magazines were locked, their staffs thrown into concentration camps.

Things told in aesopian form in Gorky's late and nearly unknown plays appear also in Shkapa's book, as direct quotes: the same phrases of desperation, mention of similar awful dreams. (Poisonous adders eat his legacy.) A final chapter relates Shkapa's last meeting with Gorky.

Assigned by Gorky to report for his magazine on a new steel plant, Shkapa tells Gorky he found mismanagement and exploitation of the workers. Higher-ups want to hush the story; Gorky tells him to run it. Kriuchkov, Gorky's "secretary" (in effect his warden, planted by the Stalin apparatus), leaves to answer the phone (Gorky obviously is not permitted to do so). In his absence Gorky leans toward Shkapa and says: "I'm surrounded. Locked in. Unbelievable." He then tells Shkapa to go at once to Ordzhonikidze, to tell him "everything." (Ordzhonikidze, who stood up against Stalin, was later forced to kill himself, Khrushchev told the 20th Party Congress.) Kriuchkov returns. "It's the Kremlin," he tells Gorky. "They want to see you before you leave." (Gorky was going to the Crimea—his last trip; he died right after his return to Moscow. He had been refused a passport to go abroad. His movements were carefully controlled. "They" can only be Stalin and his ruling party faction.)

Gorky urgently repeats that Shkapa must see Ordzhonikidze, begs Kriuchkov to arrange this. He suddenly embraces Shkapa, blubbers, and kisses him on the forehead (traditionally the long, often the last, farewell). Shkapa, crying, kisses Gorky several times, then leaves, puzzling anxiously about the meaning of Gorky's words, his desperation.

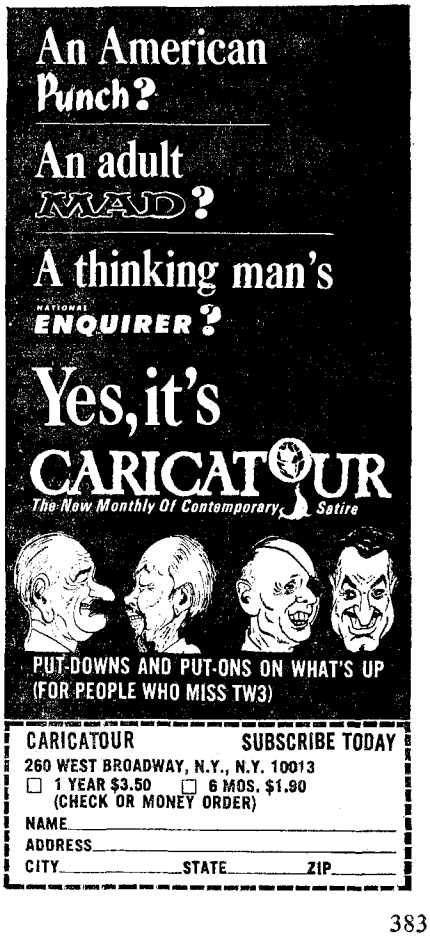
Shkapa never kept that date with Ordzhonikidze. "External forces burst in, which rudely changed the path of my life and fated me to more than twenty heavy years."

It sounds as if Gorky was trying to steer his young disciple to another protector, and maybe to signal to Ordzhonikidze about himself. When he blubbered, was it for his fate, or Shkapa's? It is one thing to doom oneself by taking a stand, something else to have doomed others.

Chekhov said, of the young Gorky, that the *man* would not be forgotten in a thousand years. What of the *writer*? His social and political import has slowed a true estimate of his works. A naive romantic realism (in the early stories) gave way soon, as complex issues struck against an unusually high intelligence without being resolved. How is one to rate *The Lower Depths,* that cloudy, angry allegory, so long revered mystically by the old Left? Or *The Confession*—a novel of heretical Christianity married to the Socialist dream?

I have just finished going over *The Lower Depths* with undergraduates. The character of Luka (wandering saint or charlatan; Tolstoy? Gorky-Tolstoy?) affected most of them. What is "doing good"? Is a bitter truth better, or a sweet lie? The play forced them to basic questions. Jean Renoir's old movie also happened to be shown at the college; it was strange to see Gorky's play give birth to something so unlike, yet legitimate. I once coined a term for Gorky's work: that it is a "mother-of-literature." Even his failures are full of *ideas,* that ask to be developed and transformed.

His finest things nearly all came after 1912, when he had long stopped being a revolutionary. First, his *Autobiography* (if possible, use Isadore Schneider's old translation, for Citadel Press): no autobiography equals it. Of course, the *Reminiscences* of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Blok: there are few parallels in literature. The *Diary Fragments,* long out of print in English: they too are unmatched—their own genre. The unproduced movie script of *Stepan Razin*—a rugged allegory of Gorky and Lenin. Finally, the late (1932) play of *Yegor Bulichev.* It must be dragged from oblivion, but will need an aware translation, inspired directing and staging, an aware audience. It is a two-edged play—an affirmation of idealistic revolution, and underlying this a furious statement of disillusioned despair, at its seeming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death in Stalin's age. It is his stage masterwork.

In this country, Bertram D. Wolfe's *The Bridge and the Abyss* and Irwin Weil's *Gorky* are both useful. Wolfe's book is best for new details about Gorky's inspired role in 1918-21; Weil's for reportage of his relations with Soviet writers, as reconciler, protector, and builder of a legacy of idealism. Both books help break the tintype of the politically orthodox hack. Weil's views about literature are too conventional, perhaps, to size up an unconventional self-made writer like Gorky; but his view of the man's humanity is clear.

Wolfe's subtitle, "The Troubled Friendship of Gorky and Lenin," is misleading. Gorky—who kept seeking "a man with an active and living faith"—had a brief crush (1901-05) on Lenin and his activists; what remained thereafter was mainly a respectful, and awed, distaste. It is true that emotions never die fully, and in the script of *Stepan Razin* (1921) the young poet (Gorky) weeps when he quits the ship of the ruthless rebel, who slaughters innocents for Russia's sake. To speak of a "genuine" or even "troubled" friendship, however, is to give plasma to a myth. Gorky could not tolerate the ruthless. It is useful to recall that Jefferson and Hamilton disliked each other; but that this nation went on.

Any striking new chapter in the Gorky saga must come, I think, from the Soviet Union. Its writers and critics have not been able to deal frankly with him, or his work, because he was "the biography of his age" (Fedin) and they cannot yet discuss that age frankly. Like Yegor Bulichev, Gorky comprised more than himself: all the tragic complexities; and if this centennial throws a more honest light on what he stood for, or why he died, it will mean the USSR is a bit closer to unbinding them.

Exploring Inner Space

SELECTED WRITINGS. *By Jules Supervielle. Poetry translated by James Kirkup, Denise Levertov, Kenneth Rexroth. Prose translated by Enid McLeod and Alan Pryce-Jones. New Directions. 278 pp. $6.75. Paper $2.75.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

When Jules Supervielle published his first volume, *Débarcadères,* in 1922, he was already an exile in poetry. The cultural stage was reverberating to the excitement of young men like André Breton and Tristan Tzara, who dreamed of descending into the street, revolver in hand, to perform an act of "poetry"; or of dark Cossacks leading their horses to drink in the fountains of La Concorde.

In 1922, Supervielle was 38 years old; a voyager whose earliest memories were not of France but of Uruguay: not of cities which were themselves acts of confused surrealism but of pampas, oceans and the kind of solitude which comes easily to a man surrounded by his own images. Supervielle was not and would never be a voice in Breton's surrealist tradition. His poetry was concerned with a kind of invisible reality which had to be coaxed into perception; there was no place for the shock of disparate images yoked together, or the liberating incoherence of the surrealist games. His only connection with surrealism is ironical, as he indicates in a long ode to Lautreamont, the ancestor of all surrealists who, like Supervielle (and like Jules Laforgue), was born in Montevideo. We can only wonder at the coincidence which brought such unlike poets (all of them great) from this backwater city of South America, closer to the South Pole than to the cosmopolite Paris where they would become famous.

If we were to invent an ancestry for the open style of Supervielle's best poetry, it would have to include Rilke, Whitman, perhaps even Wordsworth. The poems selected for the New Directions volume represent the entire span of Supervielle's career. They reveal no abrupt changes in his style or in the poetic mood he chose to create. Supervielle was slow in discovering his imagination, but the spiritual ground he finally claimed he continued to explore until his death.

In an early poem, he speaks to a child, describing the "astonished look" she wears, like "a basket filled little by little with flowers and sweet-smelling grasses." The little girl faces him "like a signpost in the heart of a forest, pointing the way," for she represents to him the wonderment of poetry. Yet she is "the forsaken one," because her wonderment is also helpless and isolated:

The sky is so vast—perhaps there is no place beneath it for such a little child!
We are stifled by too much space just as we are by too little;
And yet, just like a grown-up person you must learn to bear
The entire universe and all its moving heaviness;
Even the ants get used to it, and their little ones too.

Like the poet, the child is alive to all the small things of earth; the wonderment in her eyes surrounds her with a garland of images, and yet in all that vast extent of the world there is no place which is home for her. Unlike the ant, she has the power of wonderment and surprise (the power of poetry), and so can be at home nowhere if not in the inner spaces of her mind.

Supervielle devoted his poetic life to exploring these inner spaces. His most beautiful poems create a mood of ocean-like immobility. The poet becomes a spiritual diver, descending into the hidden reaches of his life:

When the drowned man awakens at the bottom of the ocean and his heart
Begins to flutter like an aspen leaf
He sees riding gently toward him a horseman
Who breathes without difficulty and motions to him not to be afraid.

He strokes his face with a handful of yellow flowers
And cuts off one of his hands without a trace of blood.
The hand has fallen into the sand where it disappears without a sigh,
Another hand exactly the same has taken its place and the fingers are working.

Supervielle's ocean is lighthearted and roomy, appearing wherever the poet needed its powerful inward space in order to drown the loneliness and the exile of his life in the outward spaces.

Whitman wrote that he could bear the wild energy of the sunrise only because he could also bring sunrise out of himself. Supervielle would have understood that impulse. But he knew that the imagination which brought sunrise out of him condemned him as well. The vigorous pleasure of the sunrise is present in every poem Supervielle wrote. Yet when the creatures of his mind turn to him, as in the poem "The Burden of a Single Day," saying, "Listen to me! Listen to me!," he remembers all at once that he has no power, answering: "I can do nothing for you," until the images vanish and he is left alone with "only my long table, my books, my papers." And his lips "begin to dream on their own, like lost children."

It is rare that poems translated from the French are as well served as those in Supervielle's *Selected Writings.* The poems translated by Denise Levertov and Kenneth Rexroth are gracefully and delicately done. Those (the majority) done by James Kirkup are sometimes uneven and surprisingly inaccurate; but just as often Mr. Kirkup has managed readable English versions capable of giving real poetic pleasure.

(*Continued on page 387*)

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University of Chicago–March 22-24, 1968

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3. plans and organization to encourage and support radical scholarship and research so that it may be carried out on a professional and vocational basis rather than as now, a part-time occupation of a few. In addition, we hope to launch a high quality national periodical and to encourage further the formation of radical caucuses within professonal associations.

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Three Poems About Che

CHE

I don't want to die shot in the stomach
with a childs soft smile and blood
smeared like jam on my face.
I am

Che and I have failed

In one bright week, like a childrens pageant
they burned you into a jar of ashes,
stretched your body in an autumn sun
let the children come and look at you

There were your children: see, the quick ones
glancing like murderers behind the backs
of Army men: not at you or at the Army
but at a village bigger than the one
in which they began. These are yours,
the small quick thieves of Latin America
who saw in the dead mans face no fear

but the permissive smile of a sleeping brother

"Remember, comrades, love of life does not sow
fear of death" I could not live with it
I cannot live with the pictures of my body
twisting, coiling as the bullets strike it
the brilliant grimace and the hands clasping
one shoe off, one dirty moccasin blown away;
so I will go on dying for myself
listening to the clean wind in my open body,
faces of justice circling in peaceful death
murmuring like a family in grief.

LAWRENCE SWAIM

CHE GUEVARA

Anyone can see suffering
made you look like Christ,
tied on a donkey,
fainting like a girl,
an icon on the front page
of the New York Times,
somebody's dead lover.

STANLEY MOSS

A COMMON HARVEST

(to John Carter)

. . . and I remember well
That in life's everyday appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world —
—William Wordsworth, "The Prelude"

We will have blizzards and the salt
we spread to clear the streets
will streak and etch its pallid
white veins on the stone curbs.

The corpse of Che, or a wax-
doll in his image, was stretched
on a stark rack for the eyes
of all the Western reporters.

No, Che Guevara's dead: the duty
of the dead is to make death.
The photo of his flesh in Time
suggests the snow-destroying salt.

Our lakes are down the highway,
serious, lovely, moral William,
who sickened of revolution
and shored a dream with strength.

Now each day passes; deep
in the wild marshes, out
in the native wheat, all men
are sleeping well with you.

The ecstasy of the waning
of the Fall with its wild
colors at the quiet mind,
prophesies dissolution.

PETER L. SIMPSON

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Included in the New Directions volume is a collection of Supervielle's stories, and his short novel, *The Man Who Stole Children,* which follow the poems. The stories are written with the light simplicity of children's tales and, like the poems, they are often about children.

But these are a strange race of lonely, enigmatic creatures Supervielle evokes, as in his haunting parable, "The Child of the Open Sea." A small girl, we are told, lives in a desolate corner of the Atlantic Ocean. She walks up and down a watery street, between gardens of water and houses that are as ordinary as any to be found in France. When a ship appears on the horizon, the child of the open sea falls asleep, the town sinks beneath the waves, and the ship goes on without ever seeing the ephemeral street with its single inhabitant. The story is told simply, convincingly. The most marvelous events take on a natural color which compels our belief. Like so many of Supervielle's characters, the child is a prisoner of the imagination: a poor creature who, when she cries "Help!" to a passing ship which cannot see her, suddenly understands "all the hidden meanings of the word."

The legends Supervielle retells are fascinating—among them *Orpheus, St. Anthony, The Rape of Europa, The Flight Into Egypt.* In all of them he describes the dilemma of the poet isolated and yet curiously strengthened by his imagination like St. Anthony by his temptations, or like Orpheus by the magic of his singing.

Supervielle's short novel, *The Man Who Stole Children,* creates a similar mood of the marvelous. It tells the story of Colonel Bigua who steals unloved children. South American, rich, living in exile, Bigua tries to construct a world of love and good deeds, like the castle of daydreams he builds each afternoon as he relaxes at his sewing machine. Bigua is a childlike and lonely man, who finally leaps into the sea in order to preserve his daydream. That is where the novel ends. The story leaves the reader wondering whether the sea which claims him is the deadly, cold one that we know or the magical one of Supervielle's poems from which death has disappeared.

Man With A Mission

PRIVATE SCREENINGS. *By John Simon. The Macmillan Co. 316 pp. $6.95.*

F. A. MACKLIN

Mr. Macklin is an assistant professor of English at the University of Dayton, and the editor of Film Heritage.

John Simon's new book, *Private Screenings,* is a furious defense of art, from its opening essay "A Critical Credo" in which Simon insists on the recognition of film as an art form. He believes criticism must have consummately high ideals: "It should never judge something, as is commonly done, on how well it fulfills its own aims, for by that standard, if it sets out to be junk, junk will have to be found excellent."

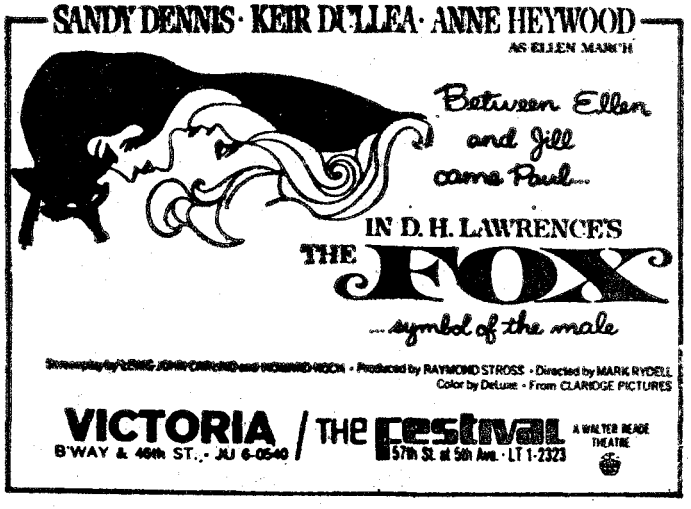
Simon is a fine stylist and a man of literature. He emphasizes the importance of the word in cinema, ". . . film is the one complex art in which two main components are equally important: text and cinematography, that is, word and image. . . . Words are no less important than pictures." His criticism recognizes the value of the script and the need for solid foundations to film art. He sees the corruption of this value: "The sooner we realize that improvisation is useful only in very small doses—and then, usually, with children, psychotics, or geniuses—the sooner, in other words, we fathom that dialogue, to be a work of art, must preponderantly be *written,* the better." Simon fears the lack of substance, the mindlessness, in extravagant chance creation, and is appalled by the work of Jean-Luc Godard, Andy Warhol and the proponents of the underground.

He dedicates himself to responsible criticism: "The first and last responsibility of the film critic, then, is—prepare yourself for a thundering truism—to raise the standard of motion pictures." Simon does this through different styles: "Different evils need different modes of attack: from Swiftian *saeva indignatio* to subtle puncturing, from 'more in sorrow than in anger' to reductio ad absurdum. . . ."

The second chapter of *Private Screenings* is particularly interesting because Simon discusses his twelve favorite motion pictures. There are some standard choices: Welles's *Citizen Kane,* Carné's *Children of Paradise,* Renoir's *Rules of the Game,* Antonioni's *L'Avventura,* and a Chaplin film, but also some offbeat choices—e.g., early films of Bergman and Fellini's *The White Sheik* and *I Vitelloni.* (He dismisses *8½* and *Juliet of the Spirits* as vacuous and tawdry.) Other choices are Clement's *Forbidden Games,* Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai,* and perhaps the most surprising selection, Wajda's anti-war film, *Kanal.* Though there is an ill-advised attempt to have the discussion of the pictures connected, and the coherence is strained, the importance of the chapter is that we get *examples* of what one critic considers great art and why he does.

The bulk of the book consists of an impressive accumulation of essays from *The New Leader.* In almost every piece Simon employs the concept of art; it completely guides the book. He also scathingly reveals that which is non-art: ". . . that perfect piece of pseudo-artistic mediocrity *Tom Jones*"; ". . . today, a large body of film-makers, film-reviewers, and film consumers have lapsed into a tacit agreement: the brainless, trashy, antihuman—provided only that it be tricky or pretentious—shall be accepted and hailed as art"; "Otto Preminger's *The Cardinal* is very probably the last word in glossy dishonesty posturing as serious art. . . ."

Simon also discusses failed art with a tinge of sadness. Of *Dear John* he writes, "What is it that nevertheless prevents the film from attaining full artistic stature?";


SANDY DENNIS · KEIR DULLEA · ANNE HEYWOOD
AS ELLEN MARCH
Between Ellen and Jill came Paul...
IN D. H. LAWRENCE'S
THE FOX
...symbol of the male
Produced by RAYMOND STROSS · Directed by MARK RYDELL
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of *The Pawnbroker* which he thinks failed, he introduces his review with the remark, "Any attempt in America to make a film a work of art must be hailed." Of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, a film he liked, "A movie such as this one does, however, present one very serious problem: the problem of not being art. . . ." "Art is that which gets better with reexperiencing; nonart is what can be fully relished only once. It would be foolish to argue that there is no room for the perishable pleasure, the impermanent work. It would be slipshod not to evaluate it, too, according to its greater or lesser interest. But it would be wrong to make too much of it; it would be wrong to call it art."

In his discussion of *To Die in Madrid* he writes: "One of the greatest problems of art—perhaps the greatest—is that truth is not beauty, beauty not truth. . . . The artist must find a way of bringing these two, if not inimical at least alien, concepts into a temporary liaison, lasting, let us say, the length of a film." Simon's emphasis on art at first glance might seem to be a very restrictive theory. But it offers the strength and stability of a *constant*, strong point of view. Simon is the least contradictory of critics.

One of the most decisive elements in his criticism is the poetic sense of humanity and his insight in expressing it. He writes of the final image in *The Organizer*: ". . . such an impeccable parabola and rhythm of surprise, pathos, beauty of movement, sense of loss and void that what might be tear-jerking fills the eye not with dimming tears but widening vision." The facial expressions in *Nothing But a Man* are ". . . the silences at the core of art in which roars the inexpressible." Of Anouk Aimee in *A Man and a Woman*: ". . . everything in her speaks of a gentleness that only long nights of loving could have instructed in groping its way to the core of human darkness. . . ."

Simon can also be pungent. Of Melina Mercouri: "Her standard expression is a bemused, constipated smile which is supposed to convey everything from mysterious female canniness to irrepressible hormones. . . ." Of Elizabeth Taylor's performance in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*: "Martha, whom Uta Hagen made so richly, rottenly ripe, is here still in the throes of a difficult puberty. . . ."

He insists on a critical morality. "Nothing is more suspect in criticism nowadays than a moral position, and yet there can be no criticism without one . . . for aesthetics is the morality of art, just as morality is the aesthetics of living." (There is an interesting condemnation of Fellini and Godard for the abusive, self-justifying, brutalizing exploitation of their wives in their films.)

The chapter called "Godard and the Godardians" is a shocker. It is written in almost indefensible taste and is a brutal vilification of Godard and his work. It is obviously done in the "Swiftian *saeva indignatio*/reductio ad absurdum" Simon included in his critical creed. For Simon, Godard is "the quintessential antiartist," and his influence on the young and on our culture is abominable and ruinous. ". . . because Godard puts so much brute sight into his films, he gives the new blind, the new deaf their only seeing and hearing. And that, I submit, is truly dreadful."

In outrage at Andrew Sarris' comment that "Godard's allegedly revolutionary position is comparable to the positions of Stravinsky, Picasso, Joyce, and Eliot," Simon responds: "About the only place where Godard's position might be comparable to that of the other four is on the toilet seat. But Godard, alas, also expels his works from that position."

It is an attack to the death, nothing held back, anger boiling out against the enemy—and it is obvious that Simon views the Godardians as those who can destroy art and warp life. ". . . if you feel, as I do, that the locus of art is the point of intersection of three lines of pursuit—the aesthetic, the intellectual, and, in the loosest sense of the word, the moral—you will find Godard's work far removed from that point. . . ." He rages against the critics who spread the cockeyed vision of Godard. ". . . to a critic like Susan Sontag—a critic, by the way, who is 'against interpretation,' which is rather like being against criticism—this [Godard's] very affectless emptiness is a virtue."

Simon also tries to demolish the point of view exhibited by Pauline Kael, ". . . that curious combination of lively shrewdness, sentimental-hysterical self-indulgence, and dependably plebeian tastes. . . ." "Godard is the essence of immature, escapist nostalgia under a thin veneer of sophisticated irony, and it *may* be that because Miss Kael shares some of his attitudes his films become so attractive to her."

John Simon has often been chastised and ignored because of his alleged pedantry (he quotes foreign languages) and his harsh point of view, but he is ignored more because filmgoers are unable to bear a morality of art that is severe and demanding. That morality is "a relevance to human life, an elegance of spirit. . . ." John Simon's *Private Screenings* keeps a sense of ideals before us; it demands prestige for film in the arts; it clarions a loving but fierce humanity.

THEATRE/Harold Clurman

The quality of lyricism in Jerome Kass's *Saturday Night* is not strained (Sheridan Square Playhouse). When papa Harris, a retired tailor, only slightly misquotes T. S. Eliot—"I grow old . . . I grow old . . . I shall wear the bottom of my *pants* rolled . . ."—one is surprised, amused and above all touched. Everything in the play is like that. The story line partakes of what has by now become a tradition of American Jewish comedy, renewed here by a special fillip of tenderness.

The old man quotes Eliot; his daughter Rochelle quotes Whitman and Yeats because she is a librarian whose education is an aspiration rather than a property. Both father and daughter long for "Byzantium"—a painting on the Bronx baroque ceiling of a neighborhood movie house—because they dream of escape from the humdrum of the city's bedroom ghetto. He escapes to Doris Day on Saturday nights, she to the fantasies she spins with her fat friend Ellie while Pop is away.

The girls tell each other impossible tales of romantic encounters during the week, Rochelle in headlong ecstasy and Ellie, more earth-bound with some reluctance. They dress fancifully for the occasion, redecorate and spread incense over the apartment, play Brahms, drink bourbon and tell lies like truth. Even Rochelle's downheartedness, couched in distortions of poets and prophets, is a form of consolation for her loveless life. She finds in all the deep thinkers a confirmation and an echo of her own melancholy. "In a crappy world all crap goes. No God, no rules: Camus in a nutshell!"

The hilarity with which one greets Rochelle's literary lamentations is always tinged by the gentle pity (without condescension) with which Jerome Kass informs his play. He is all warm sentiment, yet rarely sentimental. He is a shrewd observer yet ever kind. A local realist, he is nevertheless something of a poet. He knows the stenographers, the cab drivers, the cops of our town, but there is no trace of vulgarity in his view of them, only a fine sense of fraternity. His sadness is wreathed in a bashful smile. He is a young playwright to be cherished.

The play is very well acted by Zina Jasper as Rochelle, whose fervor needs

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only greater vocal modulation and variety of emotional attack to make it perfect. Gina Collins is brilliant as Ellie, whose blend of wistful naïveté and canny bluntness produces a consummate portrait of the hope and disabused yearning of our ladies of the subways. The director, Burt Brinckerhoff, might do a little more to make Shimen Ruskin as the aggrieved Mr. Harris suffer from hurt rather than exasperation.

Portrait of A Queen, a staged reading rather than a play, is an arrangement by William Francis from the letters, diaries, speeches, newspaper reports and spicy ditties of Victoria's long reign (Henry Miller's Theatre). A narrative continuity is shaped from the material, and for those who like myself are enchanted by leaves from the pages of history it makes a most agreeable evening.

To many Americans history is a dead letter. The past fails to speak to us in a living voice. But for the English, history is *present*: they know themselves—even when they disdain it—to be its direct heirs. Because this is so, *Portrait of A Queen* can be a box office success in the London theatre. It is not without glamour for some of us here.

A good deal of the effect is owing to Dorothy Tutin's refreshingly cool portrait of the Queen. Victoria in Miss Tutin's reading is forever putting the best face on disagreeable or painful matters. Her voice is pitched high in sweetly regal loftiness: even in grief her countenance remains a white cameo of unforced dignity. The language throughout has a relaxed and formal purity which alights on our sensibilities in this time of rasping exacerbation like a steadying hand, a smooth detergent.

The last act, perhaps the most interesting in the familiarity of its personages, falls short of full effectiveness through the too ponderous caricature of James Cossins' Gladstone (the Prime Minister was after all a force, neither fool nor bore), and through Dennis King's too stagily resonant Disraeli, who was famous for his keen wit, not for his voice.

Jakov Lind's *Ergo* (at the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street) is a savagely anti-German comedy in a typically German vein. (Lind is an Austrian but his artistic forebears are German.) The play is extremely interesting as evidence of the violent loathing felt by a whole generation of postwar writers for the ever-present characteristics that German artists since 1919 (and some before that)—Heinrich Mann, Frank Wedekind, Carl Sternheim, Georg Kaiser, Oskar Kokoschka and others—have repeatedly vented.

The tone of Lind's play is one of obscenely raucous derision too fierce to be called funny. Foreigners have never spewed as much contempt on the Germans as have some of these Germans themselves. In doing so, very few have so glaringly exemplified the symptoms which are the targets of their abuse. The satire is frantic, scabrous, grossly overinflated; excess among Germans is not confined to Hitlerism.

Lind hoots at the erstwhile lower-class Nazis' insane attempt to absolve their guilt by hounding out the more correct breed which hides in obscure places, immaculate with a sense of order and scientific precision. (A couple make love wearing antiseptic surgical masks.) With every step these characters take and every word they utter they betray the same ineradicable traits which made them the bane of humankind in the days of their triumph. Their offspring are either the now scruffy and mostly impotent intellectuals of time-honored Teutonic stripe or the turgid hairsplitting philosophic maniacs engaged in concocting a new hash from the old metaphysics for dubious political purposes. They are surrounded by silly Socialist workers, seedy Junkers with the same supercilious Wilhelmian arrogance as before, and by vast hordes of bloated bourgeois sheep who bleat and croak to the perennial beery tunes of pompous and disgusting flatulence. Above all these proceedings the double-headed eagle spreads its wings, while down below the apologists sigh that their people lack "character."

What gives such satire relevance beyond the immediate accusations of neo-Nazism and not dissimilar strains of thought, feeling and behavior (police brutality, bureaucratic arrogance and punitive bigotry in education) is the suspicion that the Germans may not be the only ones to be so infected. In its raging invective, wild symbolism and verbal power, this post-expressionist diatribe still has value.

Except for the inadequacy in staging of the final moments, *Ergo* is extraordinarily well produced by Joseph Papp and directed by Gerald Freedman. In setting, casting, costuming, make-ups and general treatment, the play's style is admirably caught in all its grotesquerie. Tom Aldredge as the covert but "clean" Nazi, Jack Hollander as the one besmirched and buried in tons of discarded newspapers, Robert Stattel as the soiled pundit, and Sam Waterston as the macerated scion of the good old German culture are especially effective.

Because I directed Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* in London, New York, and later on television, I shall not discuss its production at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. I shall confine myself to repeating for the umpteenth time an axiom of theatre aesthetics which has apparently not yet been absorbed as knowledge in the minds of those who should have learned it long since.

A towering dramatic text is a bad *play* when it is ineptly produced. *Hamlet* or any such masterpiece, when its essential quality is missed, has less theatric (or artistic) value than a third-rate occasional piece.

Tiger at the Gates is not a great play, but it is one of considerable point and stature. It is a passionate comedy, not a bit of *boulevard* fluff. Its wit and eloquence are not due to anachronism—fabled Troy in the guise of France on its way to the Second World War—they are the outcry of a seer masking himself in tense irony. Giraudoux utters his warning with a semblance of disengaged *hauteur* so as not to disturb us overmuch by exposing his apprehension and heartbreak at what he foresees. In his play, a memory of tragedy and a haunting premonition of its eternal perpetuation are draped in the comely garb of Gallic calm, splendor and sensuality.

This is the significance of the play as it was presented in Paris in 1935, again in English in 1955, and as it still remains in its text. But without a stage vision of its core and tone it becomes nothing but soggy verbiage. If it seems so now the fault is not Giraudoux's.

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TELEVISION/ John Horn

The President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders has taken the essential step of clarifying to whites what has been obscure to them because of chronic self-deception: that white racism is father to racial injustice. Yet the commission's view of television is so curiously narrow—regarding it as one of the news media, not as the wall-to-wall, sunrise to sunrise, social environment of Pop culture it more importantly is—that one wonders whether the superficiality stems from ignorance or intent. At best the Kerner commission, by looking at television as merely one of the news media and considering only their collective role in the amelioration of racial tension through wider, better and integrated news coverage, suggests that even it has not yet faced up to the profound upheavals that are necessary in the hearts, minds and practices, both individual and institutional, of the white majority.

To newspapers and broadcasting the commission recommended expansion of news coverage of the Negro community, integration of Negro and white coverage, recruitment and training of more Negroes as journalists, improvement in the reporting of riots and coordination with police. All these proposals are to the good, but to consider television in its relatively minor role as reporter, while ignoring its major role as social conditioner—creating a social climate, setting standards and examples of morals, goals and behavior, stimulating desires and expectations—is to be blind to the medium's effect on our society.

Television is a fifth column bringing into Negro homes white nonsense, white violence, white affluence, white materialism, white indifference to fellow Americans of color. To all human beings television is a continuous assault on the heart, the mind and the spirit. To Negroes, as to all racial minorities, it is a major alienating force.

The promise of television was that of a window on the world. The reality of television today is a shop window on a world of commercial-studded frivolity created by broadcasting and advertising interests. Negroes in their ghettos look at this artificial world and see that it is white, hedonistic, violent, affluent and exploitative. The situation comedies, the game shows, the Westerns, the adventure tales, the dramas, the movies, variety, comedy, discussions and commercials—just about all the fare is aimed at the white middle class. Black viewers did not need the Kerner commission to tell them that "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." Television by and large excludes Negroes. It denies them the public air waves. It tells them the great white society does not care for them. It gives them a false image of themselves.

The world of television, of course, is a false image of the white world as well, but it is a true reflection of white values. Affluent whites who have control of television employ it to their own economic ends, not for human communication. It is a deprivation of grave consequence.

There have been unusual instances when Negroes were addressed by television as Negroes and people. It was startling to hear, during local station breaks, a plea from Negro leaders to the Negro community of New York City to cool it during the Harlem riots of 1963. Startling because television is seldom used for such direct, social communication. Several years ago the program, *The Comers*, on New York City's educational Channel 13, gave a group of racially and economically diverse youngsters, mainly high school juniors and seniors, the opportunity to get to know one another in free-wheeling discussion on camera. In the process they learned and at the same time taught the television audience that we are all of us, no matter the race, creed or economic position, one community. By having freedom of microphone and camera, the youngsters learned too that the community cared. Typically the program was dropped, on pretext of insufficient funding, after the kids got into a frank discussion of sex that offended adults in the TV audience.

Such examples are rare and they exist now only as history. Every night of the week television offers the more usual sights and sounds of fiddling while civilization burns.

The prospect of changing television into a tool that would help rather than exploit America is not hopeful. The FCC has been permissive about public service. Congress has been more concerned with private broadcasters than public welfare. The most recent proposal to better American television, the still-in-prospect Public Broadcasting Corporation to aid noncommercial television, may need, according to its chairman, Frank Pace, Jr., twenty years to develop into a potent social and educational force. The slow build-up will put America where England was when it began its television system in 1936 by creating the autonomous British Broadcasting Corporation. A communications gap of fifty-two years is ludicrous for an America with crucial and urgent problems to solve now.

Was it too much to expect the Kerner commission to examine television in some depth? The commission was cautious about treading on freedom of the press in discussion of news coverage of riots. It completely overlooked the responsibility of television stations—not their news organizations but the stations themselves—to operate "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." That is how their licenses read. But television is used to amuse the whites and to move their goods. It gives no one, least of all Negroes, a sense of community or a feeling of human dignity. It is divisive. It deprives minorities, especially Negroes, of a part in the American present and future.

The frightful thing is that we have institutionalized white American prejudice by entrusting television to commercial interests which are committed to the majority (white) audience on a limited, materialistic basis. We have in effect given away the instrument that could save us.

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